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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Points of the Coquelin-Irving Controversy—The Unknown Quantities, Genius, Magnetism and Unconscious Art—Irving a Great Manufacturer, Conscious of Himself, His Purpose and the Means to be Employed—Materialism the Tendency of Our Times—The Contemporaneous Fetish Worship of a Negation—The Genius of Morris, Salvini, the Elder Booth, Janauschek and Forrest.

NYMSEDEN, July 4, 1887.

"The points of difference in the Coquelin-Irving controversy, my boy," I said to Osmond Tearle, who had caught me burning my brush on an up-field which I intend to put into grass next year (there's nothing so good for clover as wood ashes)—"the points of difference may be summed up in the old words—Idealism and Realism.

"Turn and hair-split the dispute as you may, it will centre still round the unknown quantities, genius, magnetism and unconscious art—words that mean everything or nothing.

"Coquelin's whole endeavor is to show both by word of mouth and by technical demonstration the transcendent importance of art purely as art, perfected by intelligence and guided to a living purpose by a trained reason.

"Obviously, anything else than this, whether in the portrayal of Hamlet, the erection of a house, or the composition of a piece of music, is not art at all, but accident, to which we give the name of genius, whether it be epilepsy or an organized and inherited gift employed unconsciously and independent of the reason."

"I should imagine," said Osmond, holding up a leaf of skunk cabbage as a fire-screen, "that Irving in your opinion is not a genius."

"I never saw Irving do anything," I replied, "that to my eye was not the result of deliberate plan carefully worked out; and therefore I call him an artist, seeing that his plan succeeded generally."

"But not a genius?"

"No, because he would have done some things if he had been that were not in his plan and that he could not have explained on a rational line afterward. Irving, like all great manufacturers, is always entirely conscious of himself, his purpose, and all the means to be employed, and, as is usual with such artists, is inclined to believe that no other condition of art is predicable, reliable or worth talking about.

"This is the tendency of our times. Naturalism in literature has its reflection in stage realism. At the bottom of both is materialism."

"What would you have in stage art—spiritualism?"

"Well, that depends on what stage art is dealing with. If it is dealing with material only, let it be materialism. If it is dealing with ideas, let it be idealized. If it is dealing with the spirit of man, let it be spiritualized."

"But the positive thought of the day," observed Osmond Tearle, brushing a cinder from his duck vest, is "disinclined to accept your broad distinction between material and spirit."

"I know it," I replied. "In the domain of pseudo-science there is a great deal of what Steele Mackaye has called in his emphatic way 'Assism.' But this kind of positive thought does not go to the theatre."

"Do you mean to say that people do not go to the theatre for ideas?"

"I mean to say that if they did they would wear themselves out with disappointment. But I don't think they do. They go to the theatre for emotions, for romance; not to be instructed, but to be beguiled; not to be preached at, but to be played upon. However, the intelligent people want to be beguiled artfully and played upon by skilled players. I think you will acknowledge, if you think about it long enough, that theatrical audiences are romanticists, not realists; idealists, not materialists. It's the manager who tries to eke out paucity of idea with refulgence of material. But your Camilles and East Lynnes and Othellos and hundreds of other plays without the aid or pomp of panorama, and nobly independent of chemistry, or history, or facts, stay with the people by virtue of the salt of sentiment.

"The chief advantage of Othello over Theodora is that you can play it in a barn and wring people's hearts.

"One of the best performances I ever saw of

Hamlet was in dress-coats and Nineteenth century trains. The mystery of the Dane's mind and the pathos of a woman's heart defied the tailor and the machinist. If they hadn't I don't think the play would have lived. Any other supposition would be like those Millerites whose immortality depended on the cut of their shrouds. Whenever an actor reduces Hamlet to oratory we have a Lawrence Barrett. His impersonation is not unlike the sophomore address in which the object is to show the speaker, not the spoken of. When the role is made a matter of chronology, we get a Wilson Barrett, who plays the part as a geologist gathers specimens—mainly to determine the age of the strata."

"All this," said Osmond Tearle, as he wiped the perspiration from his ruddy brow, "is self-evident enough to go without saying, when the wind and smoke set this way. But I understood you to mean just now that the theatre

fair example of the contemporaneous fetish worship of a negation. Let me see you put that sort of thing on the stage and appeal to the hearts and hopes of the people with it. You see you can have a science without purpose or without an ideal, but I defy you to have an art without both. That's what Mackaye meant when he said in Buffalo that religion and art were clasped by the same invisible girdle. The fact is acting makes spiritualists or hypocrites of men who act. They must either get to believe the elemental and theistic truths upon which all art is founded, and of which it is the expression in forms of beauty, or they must continue to express with the assumption of sincerity that which they do not believe. There is no room on the stage for a negation. Fancy a painter who gave his life and technique to painting a vacuum, or proving with colors that there were no colors!"

"I should like," said Osmond Tearle, "if we

"Scientifically," I remarked, as I assumed an oracular air—"scientifically, Genius is the unconscious expression of that which was organized by conscious effort in some progenitor. Popularly, it is a preternatural excitation or influence. In one case Rachel or Clara Morris is unwittingly voicing hereditary gifts; in the other she is wrought upon by super-sensuous influences—to which result we give the name of inspiration. Doctors may disagree as to the genesis of genius, but no theatre-goer ever denies its existence; and no student of acting will dispute the statement that its distinguishing peculiarity is unconsciousness of means. Every artist subject to it has 'built better than he knew,' and could no more explain his momentary exaltation or his mental processes than he could explain what made the double action of his heart. Nobody has written on the occult side of acting, chiefly, I suppose, because every-

only call in English ecstatic obliviousness, when the effort to act suddenly ceased and he felt himself swept away by a current of actuality. He had ceased to simulate the part and had become a part of it. One of the best biographers of the elder Booth says that he always did this. Janauschek told me that once in playing Brunhilde she lost her consciousness of the theatre and audience, and when she came off at the end of the play she staggered into her dressing-room and 'came to.' I remember Forrest's last performance of Lear—and who that saw it can ever forget it? It was the strongest psychical exhibition I had ever witnessed. By some weird power he became Lear; he no longer acted but was acted on. The sorrows of the old King were at last not imaginary but real. The great, obdurate heart of the tragic King was melted in his own grief and the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks and he groaned and travelled in spirit under a terrible load."

Osmond Tearle threw the leaves of mist out of his empty glass into the stream, and watched them dance in circles round the smooth boulders.

"They're like actors," he said; "they give us a moment's refreshment and then disappear." He said this with a pathos worthy of Tupper or Stuart Robson. Then he got up.

"Do you use bone-dust or sawdust on your oats?" he asked.

"Bone dust," I replied with a smile, humoring his attempt to be agricultural. "But those are not oats, they are sunflowers; I raise them for the chickens. They make a rich, oily food for Brahmas. You try them."

"I'm blessed if I don't," said Tearle, as he whipped the lime off his trousers with an osier.

NYM CRINKLE.

Mr. Wilson's Operatic Interests.

"The report that I have entered into a sort of partnership arrangement with Sydney Rosenfeld so far as the production of a number of his comic operas is concerned, is quite true," said Francis Wilson to a MIRROR reporter who called on him the other day at his cosy little flat on the West side; "but it will be necessary for me to go into details to show you just how we stand in the matter. In the first place, I have purchased from him outright The Oolah, a comic opera in three acts, with words by Rosenfeld and music by Lecocq. The work is derived from La Jolie Persane and other operas. I thought it a very good work, and so did Rudolph Aronson, and the result of our opinion was that Mr. Aronson and I have entered into a contract for its production at the Casino at the termination of the run of The Marquis, which is to follow Erminie. In case The Marquis is not produced The Oolah comes next.

"The plot of the opera is founded on a peculiar Persian marriage law which leads the characters into endless complications of a humorous nature. My character will be that of the Oolah, a Persian dignitary, the definition of whose office is given in the opera as that of a man whose profession it is to get married every day. He is a fictitious husband, who nominally marries a divorced wife by lending her his name for a given period, and then restores her to her first husband. For these services he receives a fixed sum.

"Mr. Rosenfeld has also evolved a comic opera in three acts from Frank R. Stockton's story of 'The Lady; or, The Tiger,' which he has given the same title, and I consider it the best piece of work he has ever done. Just where this opera is to be done, I don't know, but I hope the Casino will secure it. The funny character—that of the King—has been written and fitted to me by Mr. Rosenfeld, and I wish that I was as sure of Heaven as I am of the success of that opera when produced. An adaptation has also been made by Mr. Rosenfeld from the French which Col. McCaull will very likely produce at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in October. I also own a half interest in the work. It is called The Grand Elector, and is to be adapted to Col. McCaull's big company.

"Regarding my own future, all I can say now is that I am engaged at the Casino up to the first of next May. What I will do after that will depend entirely on circumstances. If things prosper with me I shall, with my salary, be in receipt of a comfortable income, and it will then entirely depend on certain matters, whether I continue where I am or not. One thing is certain—if I do not remain at the Casino I shall start out for myself on something much larger than anything I have yet been interested in, and shall make a bid for public favor in a new direction, and in which I hope to be successful."



GRACE HAWTHORNE.

was free from the assism of materialistic thought. I don't think I quite understand what you mean by assism."

"That's because you do not keep abreast of current controversial thought. Suppose you reach over and take any of the July magazines from that stump—I always keep them handy while I work. What have you got? Ah, *The Forum*—that will do. You will find Grant Allen writing in that periodical on the 'Object of Life,' and concluding that life has no object. He talks about the 'old, exploded dogmatic fallacy that the universe was constructed on a plan and with a definite design, instead of being, as we now know it to be, the inevitable outcome of unconscious energies.' The 'we now know it to be' is assism. Dogmatism never reached such a depth before in denouncing dogmatism. It sounds like the old-time backwoods theologian, who was always hand in glove with the Infinite. It is, however, a

body who undertakes to write upon it at all presupposes that he knows all about it. And to make his supposition good he has to stick to the mere mechanics and grammar of acting. But there are just as many mysteries in acting as there are in being. I have stood amazed many a time at the phenomena of unconscious cerebration in men and women who did not know the meaning of the term. And now and then I have almost been appalled to see some sudden surge of power roll up from the past and sweep over the ignorant instrument who happened to be placed for the time being in an emotional condition that gave play to all the dormant energies implanted in her by suffering ancestors. I have more than once seen an actress pass while performing into a condition of trance, and it was the late Dr. Bead's opinion that Clara Morris was always in a trance when acting. Salvini told me that he was subject to moments of what I can

could get somewhere out of this infernal smoke and heat, to pursue the inquiry."

"Now, then," said Tearle, "I am better able to discuss philosophy with you. Let us go back to 'Genius.'"

body who undertakes to write upon it at all presupposes that he knows all about it. And to make his supposition good he has to stick to the mere mechanics and grammar of acting. But there are just as many mysteries in acting as there are in being. I have stood amazed many a time at the phenomena of unconscious cerebration in men and women who did not know the meaning of the term. And now and then I have almost been appalled to see some sudden surge of power roll up from the past and sweep over the ignorant instrument who happened to be placed for the time being in an emotional condition that gave play to all the dormant energies implanted in her by suffering ancestors. I have more than once seen an actress pass while performing into a condition of trance, and it was the late Dr. Bead's opinion that Clara Morris was always in a trance when acting. Salvini told me that he was subject to moments of what I can

At the Theatres.

The revival of Old Bowery plays, with Old Bowery casts, is drawing good houses at the Windsor Theatre. Long before the Argonauts sailed away for the golden strands of the Pacific Slope, these plays were in their pristine glory at the Old Drury of America. They conjure up volumes of reminiscences of the Bowery school of acting and players of the past. The deep basses of the heavy villains and the mellow-toned ranting of the romantic heroes are still remembered by theatre-goers who were in their adolescence some forty years ago. On Monday and Tuesday evenings the romantic drama, La Tour de Nesle, was presented. The moral tone of the play, showing the corruption of the Court of France in the early part of the Fourteenth century, is almost as horribly depressing as Oedipus, the King. In fact, the heroine, Margaret of Burgundy, bears a striking analogy to the parricide King of Sophocles. La Tour de Nesle, however, is full of thrilling situations, rapid movement and fascinating mystery.

J. P. Winter, as Captain Buridan, the hero, gave an excellent portrayal of the character. He read his lines with force and finish, and was highly effective in the strong dramatic scene in the last act, where he arraigns the Queen for her terrible crimes. Edmon S. Conner, one of the Old Bowery favorites, was famous in this role in the ante-bellum days. He is still living, and enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* in Paterson, N. J. Mrs. W. G. Jones, as Margaret of Burgundy, was warmly welcomed. Her interpretation of the character of the unfortunate Queen who was passion's slave, was effective and deeply impressive. At the close of the last act Mrs. Jones and Mr. Winter responded to an enthusiastic curtain call, and although a speech was expected the principals simply bowed their acknowledgments. Charles Foster as Count Savoissey, W. D. Murray as De Marigny, Maurice Pike as Landry, J. F. Tighe as Walter D'Aulney, Neil Gray as Philip D'Aulney and Frank Doud as Orsini were very acceptable in their respective roles, and received recognition on appearing in the first scenes. The piece concluded with a pretty Irish drama, An Irishman's Home, which was presented in an exceptionally able manner.

Ermine is the objective point of every Summer visitor to New York. The roof garden is always cool and comfortable, and numbers seek it in preference to going to the near-by resorts.

Minnie Maddern's engagement at the Bijou is fortuitous. Her acting in Caprice is deliciously refreshing, and that the public appreciate the opportunity of witnessing the most agreeable Summer entertainment is shown by the attendance, which is surprisingly large.

Our Irish Visitors have not yet concluded their stay at the Union Square Theatre. The amusement furnished by Messrs. Murray and Murphy in this place is infectious and abundant.

The Highest Bidder maintains possession of the Lyceum stage and the favor of playgoers.

Mr. Mansfield is to produce his new comedy, Monsieur, on Monday next at the Madison Square. Prince Karl will be given for the last time on Saturday night.

Next week at Tony Pastor's The Electric Three Minstrels will appeal for public support.

Pirated Plays and the Pirates.

In response to requests from several out-of-town managers, in one-night stands principally, but which are sometimes "favored" by buccaneer travelling managers presenting copyrighted plays for a whole week at what are known as "panic prices," THE MIRROR presents below an alphabetical list of such dramas, and it will be kept standing in these columns for several weeks as a ready reference. The list is not complete, but it will be added to from week to week. During the Summer it may be scanned by honest managers and a great deal of imposition avoided. Those managers who are really sincere in their desire to avoid play-pirates will be benefited. As to those who are not, their excuse that they are unable, through ignorance, to discriminate between public and private property, will be wiped out and be no longer available. THE MIRROR also presents as complete a list of buccaneer managers and actors as it is possible to obtain. This will also be added to from time to time. Here is the list of plays that unprincipled "showmen"—for they are hardly worthy the title of manager—make their special prey:

Arrah-na-Pogue, Bob, Big Bonanza, Colleen Bawn, Davy Crockett, Divorce, Dewdrop, Dancheffa, Emeralds, Fogg's Ferry, 40, Fata, Gully Slave, Hazel Kirke, Held by the Enemy, Hearts of Oak, Jim the Penman, Joshua Whitcomb, Jacques, Kentucky, Lights of London, Long Sciole, Little Detective, Lywood, May Blossom, My Partner, Michael Strogoff, Monte Cristo, Mountain Peak, Only a Farmer's Daughter, Our Boarding-House, Passion's Slave, Queen's Evidence, Queens, Rodeo, Roman Rye, Streets of New York, The Phoenix, Two Orphans, The Vigilantes, The Flirt, The Danvers, The Silver King, The Old Homestead, The Banker's Daughter, The Black Crook, The Wages of Sin, The Private Secretary, The Planter's Wife, The Pavements of Paris, Taken from Life, The Gun'ner, The World, The Octoroon, Under the Gauntlet, Uncle Dan'l, Young Miss Wintrop, Zip.

Among the most notorious of the play-pirates are A.

L. Wilber, who generally runs two companies, and whose repertoire is almost entirely made up of stolen plays; J. A. Sawtelle, who ranks next in publishing knavery; Nelson Compton, a miserable specimen of the barnstormer; Harry Webber, very plausible in disguise of his doings; John Negrotto, whose check would defy dynamite; Edwin Stuart, who once had a good name; Maude Atkinson, Treleagan and Seward, a "Widow Theatre company" playing in New England, the Hestley-Gilbert company playing in the South, Leslie-Davis, of the Beave-Davis company; T. M. Brown, of the Brown Comedy company; Fred, Felton, of the Felton-Compton company, who "takes no losses about it," and says he must hold the black flag to gain a living; the Taverier Dramatic company, now touring Michigan, and Essie Goodrich.

The foregoing list calls for a little explanation that will be of further interest to those who desire to avoid the dealer in stolen dramas. The play "49" is sometimes given the alias of Carrots. Fogg's Ferry is at times called The Ferryman. The alias of Held by the Enemy is Held by the Foe. Jim the Penman may be sometimes called Jim the Forger. Joshua Whitcomb will occasionally pose simply as Uncle Josh. Cora Van Tassel presents a play under the title of Gyp, which is M'iss in disguise. Monte Cristo has been laded out as Montezuma. The two words, "Monte Cristo," as the title of a play, are the property of James O'Neill; also the business dialogue, etc., of what is known as the "Fechter version"—that is, dramatization of Dumas' novel. "One, two, three!" and "The world is mine!" are the pivotal points. Now and again Hazel Kirke is presented as The Miller's Daughter, Hazel, etc. The Private Secretary has several aliases; sometimes it is lopped and called The Secretary. The Phoenix also has several aliases—such as Saved from the Flames, The Orange Girl, etc. The Old Homestead is now and then presented as The Homestead. Uncle Dan'l is our old friend, A Messenger from Jarvis Section, the property of Rachel McAuley, widow of the well-known comedian. Uncle Dan'l is part of the title. Jacques is the property of Mattie Vickers and the prey of the notorious Nelson Compton, whose latest victim to "dramatic genius" is one Nellie Free. My Partner is once in awhile stupidly mangled as My Partner. Other aliases will be exposed as they come to light.

All pirates do not exclusively present plays that are stolen. Many of them have good dramas of their own, and merely "heel-speech" with the property of others—trespass to eke out a repertoire. THE MIRROR does not caution the resident manager to altogether avoid the travelling manager who deals in stolen plays. It simply gives him a list of purloined property for guidance. So long as the travelling manager presents plays that are his own or public property, he may be safely given a date. Some of these fellows are not as black as those upon whom they prey would paint them. They are imposed upon by middlemen—the most difficult fish to catch in the great dramatic sea; the fellows who swoop down upon every successful production and have it type-written in forty-eight hours. They sometimes impose upon the avowed and most unscrupulous play-pirates.

The region in which play-piracy most abounds is bounded on the north by the Lakes, on the south by Tennessee, on the east by the western border of New England, and on the west by Denver. Canada is well protected—that is, when it comes to protecting British subjects. Woe to the wight that would invade British rights within that balliwick. But American playwrights are not protected therein—as witness the presentation of My Partner by J. H. Gilmour and of Michael Strogoff by W. H. Lytell. The former would prefer to be a romantic dramatic hero in the land of the Kanuck at starvation wages than a well-paid leading man in the States. The latter, whose birthright is north of the St. Lawrence, would rather shine as a "great manager" in the more or less frozen North than scintillate as a good low comedian in this warmer latitude. The radiating centre of three-fourths of play-piracy is Chicago, as it is also that of barnstorming. And barnstorming gave birth to play-piracy. They are twins—let us hope that some day they will take on the garb of twin relics.

"Alexander Beyers, of Chicago," said Louis Aldrich to a MIRROR representative, "is responsible for a good deal of the piracy that exists out West. His headquarters are, or were, at the corner of Halsted and Monroe streets, where he kept a bar and carried on his nefarious business. Beyers was formerly an obscure actor. He finds it more or less profitable to pilfer plays. He visits the theatres and takes them down. I have a list of the copyrighted pieces he sells, and they comprise the greater number of those that are given by the Western pirates. This man is the fountainhead, the source of supply, and his inquiry is even greater in my estimation than that of the rascals who buy his illegally procured MSS."

Mr. J. J. McCloskey apparently has a warm side for the pirates who appropriated his play of Kentucky and gave it such a bloodthirsty name. This is explained in the following letter:

Editor New York Mirror: DEAR SIR:—As a good effect of your crusade against the play-pirates, they have not only handed over, through Mr. Wright Huntington, the play of Kentucky, but also music, etc. They (the rascals) implored THE MIRROR to let up, as it was impossible to escape d—d newspapers. Quite a compliment to you. Thanking Mr. Huntington for his kindness, I remain, Yours truly, J. J. McCloskey, Dramatist.

Lem. H. Wiley, the Peoria (Ill.) manager, is letting pirated plays into his house, according to a Pekin correspondent. During the week of June 20, according to our informant, The Shaughraun, Planter's Wife and Chip (probably Fogg's Ferry) were presented. Mr. Wiley is not among the managers who can plead ig-

norance as an excuse. Few provincial managers are better known. He has travelled far and wide as manager of concert and other companies, and during his incumbency at Peoria has been especially favored by the leading organizations travelling. Manager Wiley should blow something pianissimo on his long-silent cornet in the way of an explanation. During the week of June 13 Maude Atkinson presented several pirated plays in Pekin.

An Ohio manager sends the following note of correction:

NORWALK, Ohio, June 22, 1887. Editor New York Mirror: I wish to correct the report made by your correspondent from here, in saying that the T. M. Brown Comedy company played My Partner under my management. I have severed my connection with the Whittless Hall, and in the future shall manage Gardner's New Opera House, which will be ready to open Sept. 1. Respectfully yours, S. S. Navy.

The Matinee.

How I hate it! The least pleasurable pleasure of all the pleasant metropolitan pleasures. First place, it occurs out of time. It's a hollow sham and a mockery, and it knows it. It draws its blinds, turns on its lights, closes its doors, and yet, here and there, through door-slit, shutter and skylight, grin whole rifts and shafts and drifts of real light, leering in, saucy in its triumphant honesty, as a handsome bootblack might ogle the painted face of my lady whose perfumed skirts whisk by his boxes.

Then the noise, you know. The street-car whistles a half tone echo to Madame Sal Volatile's most piteous shriek of appeal to her Du Heavie Villanous. Papa-Morgan's masterly fugue in G minor is treated to an impromptu concerto of "Patrick's Day in the Morning" by Celtic horns, and the bible-babble-bubble of commerce generally, in the shape of wheels, irons, boxes, shoutings and poundings, tip-toes softly up to the ear of Professor Spirituello Theophilus, during his intricate disquisition on the possibility of the improbable, and with all its horrible audible inaudibility halloo "rats!"

Then, again, there are so few men present, and even if they were, we should not love to see them. The time has not yet come, thank Heaven! for the carpet knight to be a becoming addition to any day-light amusement. The country is not in a condition to allow very much of its bone and sinew to sit around afternoons in stalls and boxes, and talk soft nothings to many who, no doubt, have an instinctive feeling of the truth of this, even while swallowing the dose with apparent relish.

And now comes the most unpleasant feature of the matinee. It is emphatically a ladies' show, and to it the dear things flock in beves and covies and flocks. They just flutter in, and twitter through, and chirp by, and swoop down, which is all right; but, released from the restraint of gentlemen observers, many of these dear creatures board the matinee with all their atrocious manners, and their atrocious shoooping-bags; and though block after block on the street, or hour after hour in the home, they can exist mum as an Oxfordshire coachman, the entrance to the foyer is the signal for all the pent-up confidences of both sides, of both families, to belch forth in one uninterrupted torrent of garrulity. They make no pretence of listening, unless they happen to want to, and this is not often, and then only in the midst of a "climax" or "situation," the artistic leading up to which, or departing from, is totally lost to themselves, and spoiled for a number of the more thoughtful play-lovers.

The most painful part of this ill-timed affectation is its irrelevance and its atrocious flippancy. Not one sentence of the vehement and hearty confab that might not better be kept for the street or home. Then, too, they riddle and twist and fumble so with their glasses, fans and bags, close to one's ear, till afterward the squeak of a fan, the click of the bag-fasten, which is done and undone a dozen times in showing the different samples, the very smell of the new stiff leather is a torture to one. Would that the bag contained a hand-mirror for the ears also!

As for the beautiful music—for it is beautiful—the poorest orchestra in the city brings to us a wealth, not only of composition, but of mechanical skill and artistic interpretation in every programme, could we but realize it.

One more tone in this discord of plan is the admission, by complimentaries, of a number of unappreciative persons, who would not be present if compelled to pay their way. Three times at a concert in Chickering Hall recently was a nice-looking, thoughtful gentleman obliged to change his seat in order to avoid interruption. He first got in front of three young—well, clean hoodlums, that's what they were—who made no effort at undertone in their vulgar and stupid jabber, during an exquisite harp solo, calling for the closest attention of mind as well as ear from the best listeners. He was next favored by a "visiting" neighborhood. A couple from one part of the hall came to call upon his next neighbors, and leaning over the back of the seat kept up a running accompaniment to the "Adestes Fideles" by an animated discussion as to the latter disposition of the afternoon. Two pretty young girls next made the dear man happy, one of whom brought in a sheet of algebra examples, which she proceeded with all due diligence, earnestness and voice to demonstrate to her fair companion, who, though musical enough to be able to hum most of the music through in advance of the performers, was not enough so to forego the opportunity of passing a good mathematical examination,

Not to speak of those dear Miss velvet-clad chaps, whose loving mamma's suggest to their infant escorts, in high-pitched stage whispers, smugly kind admonitions not to "swallow that watch, dear," to keep his feet "off mamma's dress," not to whistle, as it was "very annoying"—all of which the young V. C. C. ignores with the most debonaire air of bland indifference and a faithful continuance in his programme of annoyance.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Kansas City's New Palace.

"There is no doubt whatever that the Warder Grand Opera House at Kansas City will be ready to open at the appointed time, Oct. 24," said Corydon F. Craig to a MIRROR reporter recently. "My partner, Frank C. Hamilton, writes me that there will be no difficulty, although quick work will have to be done. In order to preclude the possibility of failure, work is going on night and day, electric lights being placed on the grounds. As you know, we open the season with the Booth and Barrett combination for one week. We have also signed with the Carleton Opera company and arranged for Rice and Dixey's attractions. In fact I am progressing with my booking far beyond my expectations, and if managers here were to take a look at the picture hanging up here of the Warder, my work would be made still lighter."

As he spoke Mr. Craig pointed to the large water-color painting of his theatre hanging on the wall at the office of the New York Amusement Exchange, Broadway.

"We have a regular Summer Garden on the roof," continued Mr. Craig, "and this garden is different from all other roof-gardens in that it has a stage on which we intend to give Summer opera. The Summer garden is seated in exact duplicate of the orchestra floor, so that in the case of rain adjournment could be had to the lower floor. There is no doubt of our getting the first-class attractions."

"We are erecting our own bill-boards all over the city, and will do our own bill-posting. We have also purchased from the Gaslight Company of the city seventy-five dismantled street lamps, and an ordinance has been passed by the City Council allowing us to use them for advertising purposes. We intend to put up a regular lamp for the purpose of advertising the theatre exclusively. About thirty-five of these lamps are on Main street."

Gossip of the Town.



This is a picture of Pauline Hall, the statuesque beauty who has reigned at the Casino for some seasons. Miss Hall's admirers are legion in private and professional life, and she holds sway by the amiability of her disposition as well as the physical charms of her stage presence.

Lew Dockstader is spending the Summer at Long Branch.

E. S. Tarr and Annie Cox have been engaged for We, Us & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Wise (Merce Charles) will spend the Summer in the Catskills.

Mme. Herrmann, wife of the magician, has sailed for Europe to transact business for her husband.

Emily Kean is negotiating with Howard P. Taylor for a comedy with a view to starring in the season of '88-9.

Charles Puerner, composer of The Pyramid, has become the leader of the orchestra at the Lyceum Theatre.

Blanche Moulton has been engaged for the "villainess" in Effie Ellsler's Woman Against Woman company.

H. S. Taylor spent the 4th with his family at Ocean Grove, N. J., while E. E. Zimmermann enjoyed his at Manhasset, L. I.

Annie Pixley is at present in Canada. On Tuesday next she will sail with her husband, Robert Fulford, for England on the Nevada.

J. H. Alliger has closed his Summer dramatic season at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and will give a vaudeville entertainment for a few weeks.

The following people have been engaged to support Jennie Yeamans in Our Jennie: John T. Burke, J. J. Macready, Collin Varry, Emily Stowe and Lizzie Masters.

The rights to The Royal Mail, a four-act melodrama by James Willing and John Douglas, has been secured for this county by the Anglo-American Attraction Agency.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pastor and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mann have formed a little American colony of their own in London, and are doing the sights of the great Metropolis.

Harry Clapham, Jr., will be business manager of the Bryant-Richmond company in George Hoy's musical comedy, Keep It Dark. He is attending to the bookings, and his address is 32 Eagle street, Albany.

Fred. Warde's company, which began its season at the Windsor Theatre in this city on August 15, will end it at Fargo, Dakota Territory, on next Saturday, after playing almost eleven months. Mr. Warde and the entire company will return to the city at once, arriving here on next Tuesday evening.

Miss Emily Yeamans is now playing Miss Wetherell's parts in The Leather Stock and Cordella's Aspirations, doubling them with Mrs. O'Dooley and Mrs. Lockmiller, with Mr. Harrigan's company. She has given abundant satisfaction in them to both her manager and the public.

Tony Pastor, who is now over in London, cables Harry Sanderson that he will return to New York in August, with a lot of European specialty artists in tow. George W. Moore, of the Christy Minstrels, will come over as Mr. Pastor's guest, accompanying him on his fall tour to observe the methods of American travelling companies.

The following people have been engaged by Charles L. Andrews for his Michael Strogoff company, which opens the season at Montreal on August 15. Frank Aiken, Harry Lindsey, Charles King, Mile. Eloise, De Lancy Barclay, Helen Jones, Wallace Hopper, the original Majiltons, Hewlette, Latte and Frank; Jessie Mackley and an Indian actress named Gowongo Mohawk. Charles H. Keeshin will continue as business manager.

Ida Waterman writes THE MIRROR that through an inadvertence she is announced as Mile. Rhea's leading lady for next season. She is Mile. Rhea's leading lady this season, but is at liberty for next. The star desired to re-engage Miss Waterman, but the latter wishes to seek another and wider field. Miss Waterman has been very successful in leading roles in the Rhea company during the season now closing.

C. B. Welles, late leading support to Lawrence Barrett, will produce next season, by arrangement with Oliver Byron, Across the Continent, Ten Thousand Miles Away, and a new play by the author of The Inside Track. Mr. Byron's latest success, but which has never been produced in this country, although it is a success of two seasons abroad. Mr. Welles is among the foremost of young leading men, and there is little doubt of his success in his new venture. His season opens with Across the Atlantic—in which Mr. Welles will play the Ferret—at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, on August 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phillips (Kate Castle-ton) are spending the Summer at their home in Oakland, Cal. They are among the few who retired from the road at the close of the past season with large profits. Many changes will be made in their Crazy Patch company the coming season. Edwin Foy has been engaged for the amusing personation of the lunatic John T. Kelly will be the Policeman. Lena Merville and her sister have been engaged for other parts. Altogether the company will be as strong as that of last season. Next season will probably open in Minneapolis with Fair week.

The full roster of Harrison's Silver King company is as follows: Carl A. Haswin, Samuel H. Verney, Harry Dalton, Edward Denney, Cuthbert Cooper, George W. Larsen, Milt C. Bowers, Fred Jerome, J. G. Willett, Frank Seymour, Johnson Bryant, A. J. Craig, Richard Thornton, Marie Hilford, Lillie Wood, Rose Adams, Jennie Oliver and Little Tonina and Lilly Adams. The executive will be George L. Harrison, manager; George W. June, advance manager; Arden Foster, agent, and W. C. Ross, treasurer. The season opens in Chicago on August 20.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

CORNER 14TH ST. AND IRVING PLACE.
(Telephone 809 21st St.) NEW YORK.

SEASON 1887 AND 1888.

New Management, New Scenery, New Properties, &c.
The regular season will commence on MONDAY, Aug. 29, with a first-class attraction.
The Academy is now the best combination house in New York, and has the largest number of available seats and boxes.

No pains will be spared to make this the leading house in America for first class attractions only. We are now prepared to book engagements for the season. For terms apply to A. J. MURPHY, Manager.

CASINO.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson Broadway and 30th Street.
Manager.

Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

50 Cents. ADMISSION \$0 Cents.

Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$5, \$10, \$15.

The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

EKMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

4th Avenue and 23d Street.
Daniel Frohman, Manager.

THIRD MONTH CONTINUED SUCCESS.
THIRD MONTH CONTINUED SUCCESS.
THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

With Sothern, Lemoine, Buckstone, Pigott, Mr. and Miss Archer, etc., etc. Curtain rises 8:30. Ends 10:30.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer Sole Manager

Evenings at 8:30, Saturday Matinee at 2.

The charming comedy,

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD,

in

PRINCE KARL.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. HILL.

MURRAY AND MURPHY

in

OUR IRISH VISITORS.

Matinee Saturday.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Broadway and 30th St.

Mr. Lester Wallack, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

The greatest Farisian and London success, by the

McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.

Andre Messager's comic opera, entitled,

JACQUETTE.

English adaptation by J. Cheever Goodwin, Esq.

Orchestra, \$1 50; balcony, \$1; family circle, 50c. and 25c.

Admission, 50c. Wednesday matinee at 2.

Monday, July 11, INDIANA.

OLD LONDON.

Broadway, near Astor place.

Open from 11 to 11.

REPRODUCTION OF ACTUAL HOUSES OF

"VE OLDEN TIME."

Third Month of

HERCART

the distinguished Magician and Ventriloquist, from the

Crystal Palace, London.

Promenade concert twice daily, at 3:30 and 8.

Admission, 50c.; Children, 25c.

The Giddy Gusher.



I oftentimes think, as I sit in the auditorium of a theatre, how much more of romance and tragedy there is going on during the evening among us than on the stage. For that matter, the wildest farce that was ever presented is surpassed by the ridiculous side of real life.

Now, the first-night of *Jacquette* a portly woman with iron-grey hair sat half-way down the middle aisle in company with her husband. The old man was very kind in his attention; he folded her programme and regulated her opera-glass, and polished up her eye-glasses with his silk handkerchief, and drew up her wrap that it might rest comfortably on the back of her seat. In response he got a tired smile from the lady, who was evidently suffering from mental disturbance, and I happened to know of what nature.

Mrs. — had been a most devoted mother to a son and daughter. Last Summer the son, just graduated from an Eastern college with great honors, died at home under peculiarly awful circumstances, and the mother was well-nigh distracted. As the Winter came on the mother's grief seemed to increase, and Dr. Robertson ordered her away to entire change of scene and association. The mourning family went to a hotel in Bermuda, and after seeing his wife and daughter safely settled Mr. — returned to his New York business. The bereaved mother turned with almost broken heart to the one object left her—her beloved daughter. For her husband she had never felt more than respect and affection, but she had idolized her children.

The young lady was seventeen—highly educated, beautiful in person and amiable in character. The fond mother had splendid dreams of this girl's future, for with all her attractions she also had a tremendous fortune in prospect.

The first month of their stay Mrs. — noted that she saw less of the girl than usual, and asked her the cause of her frequent disappearances. She made some trivial excuse, but some chambermaid let out that Miss — was spending a good deal of her time in out-of-the-way reception-rooms and unfrequented corners of the hotel piazzas with little Juan, the clerk of the establishment. The mother was horrified; her lovely girl becoming intimate with a snuff-colored Cuban hotel clerk! She decided to return at once. Much to the daughter's disgust she carried out that determination, and in the middle of Winter the Madison "at home" was opened and the young lady launched among eligible New York people. In the Spring one day a prolonged interview with the dressmaker brought suspicion once more to the mother's heart. She had confided to Dr. Robertson the reasons for her return.

Now, Dr. Robertson lives in —th street, and directly opposite is the abode of Mme. —, Mrs. —'s dressmaker. As the doctor came out of his house one morning he saw a little insignificant fellow, as dark as a mulatto, standing by his gate piping off the house opposite, and before he entered his carriage Miss — came out of Madame's, was joined by the mulatto and went off toward Fourth avenue.

"The Bermuda hotel clerk without a doubt," said the doctor to himself; and he sent up a message to the girl's father to that effect. The parents were distracted, and even before the young lady reached home they had decided to take an immediate trip to Europe.

To this plan Miss — offered no opposition. Nothing was said of the discovery made, and the girl behaved in so calm and quiet a manner that the mothers' mind was somewhat easy. But one week after the European project was broached Miss — did not return from some call in the neighborhood. Mrs. — was frantic. The night wore away. Mr. — was in company with detectives; the city was being searched; Dr. Robertson was rattling up and down between Twentieth and Fiftieth streets, when the earliest visit of the postman brought a letter from the petted, idolized daughter. She was married—married to the insignificant, miserable little foreign hotel clerk, and passing her honeymoon at a wretched Cuban hostelry in Hoboken.

Mrs. — has never been out from that day till the first-night of McCaull's last opera. Then she had yielded to her husband's entreaties and the doctor's orders. A few thousand dollars left her by her grandmother and her wardrobe had been sent the foolish young woman. The hotel clerk was doing nothing

beyond smoking cigarettes and spending the money furnished by his wife. But, as ill luck would have it, they both concluded to go to Wallack's for the premier representation of *Jacquette*.

The sorely afflicted Mrs. — was hardly settled in her seat when a tall, graceful figure swept down the aisle, followed by as wretched a bit of smoked beef as ever left the Island of Cuba; and Mrs. — fell up against her husband, nearly fainting. When Mrs. Juan sat down she saw her mother, and a supercilious stare was all she vouchsafed the old folks. I sat and watched the quartet. Seventeen years of idolatrous care were forgotten; the weary, anxious face of the mother, who had watched her from the cradle, whose gentle smile had met her thousands of times, whose ministering hands had unceasingly fondled her, whose loving breast had pillowed her little head through nights of childish suffering, and had at all times been the sanctuary to which she brought the joys and sorrows of girlhood—this face was to the daughter the same as any other woman's in the audience.

Any old, bald-headed man was as much to Mrs. Juan as that careworn father whose purse-strings had been always loosened at her extravagant demands; who had only lived to gratify her wishes. She turned to the mucky little man beside her and evidently told him her parents were in the theatre, for he twisted his feeble moustache with a hand decorated with his wife's thousand-dollar solitaire, the old man's present to her on her last birthday. I got a friend behind me to pat the Gusher on the back (on that spot Bill Nye says "no human hand can reach"), and congratulate her that by the death or ingratitude of children her fond heart will never more be wrong.

On that same night the Gusher exchanged signals with a lady friend as she entered the house. She has known her a long time, and rather intimately. The friend is a woman of ordinary intelligence, of more than ordinary cheerfulness, of affectionate, companionable disposition. When the Gusher first knew her she had a husband, about as selfish and exacting as the usual thing, but rather more demonstrative than such cattle. His incoming and his outgoing was punctuated by fervent kisses; his arms were continually around her; she would sit on his lap for hours. And the number of pet words and caressing epithets he bestowed upon her is past my remembrance. I was in his house when he came home from a few days' trip away, and as he clasped her fondly in his arms he exclaimed:

"Never again do I go anywhere without you, my angel! Everything reminds me of you in absence and makes me miserable. How I love you, my precious wife! There was a shade of distrust in your dear letter that tortured me. Has that Gusher been saying anything to you of —? Why, my darling, all the women I ever knew led up to you. It was some resemblance to my ideal that took my passing fancy; but in you the best of all unite you queen of women!"

I let a little admonitory cough that he might know there were ladies present. I went to my bed that night wishing there were enough such men to go round.

My friend was devoted to that man; to study his comfort, to minister to his whims, was her sole occupation. I never saw a greater abnegation of self. She shut her eyes resolutely when some infernal instance of his intolerable conceit and selfishness came up, and she used the magnifying glass of love and the telescope of affection to contemplate his cleverness, his faithfulness and his general conduct.

But one day he was badly found out—awfully discovered. She went to bed as sick with the chapter of revelation as she could have been with the small-pox. Her disease was something like the small-pox, inasmuch as she came out of it pitted somewhat, but entirely free from the humors and eruptions and bad blood that had embittered her life; for she left him, and in leaving him left as many physical ailments, mental disturbances and criminal instincts as a patient discharged from Blackwell's Island does. Now, here they both sat that Monday night, one in one part of the room, the other in another, but in full view of each other. I looked at 'em and wondered if their pulses stirred at recollection of the time when the spell was on 'em; when they couldn't sleep save in each other's arms; when all the blueness of the sky depended on the love-light in their eyes; when all the greenness of the earth depended on the sweetness of each other's smiles; when all the joy of living was ringed in the circle made by their clasped hands. Heavens! they hate each other cordially, I suppose. She hates him for his not being what she thought he was; and he, her, for having found out what he was.

So I got my accommodating friend behind to pat me on the back again, and extend congratulations to me that though I may miss some few little things belonging to the married condition, the bitterness of betrayed trust, the pangs of jealousy, and the dark hours of discovered unworthiness will never be mine. A nice fat untoupled pillow is a much better thing to contemplate when you wake up in the night than the head of a man who may be dreaming of some other woman.

Then, as I thought all my thinks about this pair I have been discussing, to my surprise I

suddenly came on a face that had its interest and its bit of history for me.

Years and years ago we were boy and girl together, and the best possible friends. He was of a studious, quiet nature, never robust in physique, never overflowing with health or happiness; a cynical, timid man, hedged about with a wholesome fear of the world's opinions and a holy horror of Mrs. Grundy. At every corner of this man's nature he met his opposite in the Gusher, and naturally they got on together, since they held some things in common—their love of books, their appreciation of cleverness in all shapes and a certain careless generosity that made the doing for somebody a pleasure for each.

There were cessations of this comradeship covering years, but no diminution of the friendship, and when, after a long season of silence, the thread of unbroken regard was taken up, your Gusher was heartily glad. There was a pleasant, restful feeling in the society of the old, old friend, (just such a pleasure as I feel in the companionship of the lady I was with when I looked at him the other night—dear Mme. Ponisi). It was nice to have chats about new books; it was pleasant to talk about old times. The week was all the better for a couple of quiet evenings passed together.

Now, in the whole extent of my life, covering an acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of people, I have never met and suffered from but two treacherous women in that notoriously untrustworthy sex. One of these was wrongfully receiving my friendship a few years ago, and one day I introduced my good old life-long friend. From that hour I never even heard from him. Of course, some explanation was demanded and received. A very weak effort was made to conceal the source from which the poison reached my glib friend; but all the same I knew very well where to locate the blame, and that I have located it some of the precious bad luck attending the immediate past can attest.

Well, a few weeks ago a suburban paper had an item concerning the approaching marriage of this man, upon whom I looked at Wallack's and this woman that I haven't looked at in many moons. Great Cain! I can imagine the horror of this staid old lad as he sees that paragraph.

So you see, after hearing of all the tragedy, comedy and farce I found on just one evening in one audience, I am justified in saying the plays on the stage can't approach the plays among the people, and it's the pieces performed before, not behind, the footlights that most amuse your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Results of an Honest Policy.

In a recent number of the *Journalist*, a bright weekly devoted to newspaper interests, there appeared an article on dramatic journalism in which the following singular statement occurred: "The advisability of stopping a dramatic paper during the Summer would never be questioned by one outside the journalistic pale. Its readers are away, and there is mighty little to write about. The papers which do drag along during the Summer do so at a loss, and they are undeniably stupid, not from a lack of brains, but from an absolute dearth of subjects."

It need scarcely be said that these remarks, so far as THE MIRROR is concerned, are false and foolish. The editor of the *Journalist*, if we mistake not, obtained his ideas of dramatic journalism from a whilom connection with a guerilla sheet that long since gave up the ghost and with its disreputable editor and dishonest career faded quickly into oblivion. THE MIRROR has as many readers in Summer as in Winter, for whether the profession are at work or at play they cannot do without it. It does not, in the hot months, "drag along at a loss"—on the contrary, now, as at all seasons of the year, it booms along at a profit. Reference to THE MIRROR's live business department is an easy and conclusive method of proving this fact. Moreover, its reading columns, filled by the cleverest and most skillful writers on dramatic topics in the world, show neither dearth of subjects nor brains, for of the former as well as the latter we find the same abundance in July as in January.

The problem the Editor has to solve is not how to get, but where to put, all the interesting and timely matter that each week brings forth. Some of our contemporaries, we regret to see, are less fortunate. One feverishly casts off several pages and comes out in a state of naked inanity, much as a fugitive prisoner strips off his stripes and his shirt in the vain hope of easing his flight and escaping his swift pursuers. Another makes a brave attempt to avoid sunstroke by venturing forth only once a month instead of once a week as formerly. A third and fourth were quietly confined and buried with indecent haste some weeks ago.

THE MIRROR really regrets that it has no rival. It would welcome honest and respectable competition. Its position is too well assured to warrant ungenerous antagonism to any journal that with equal dignity, ability and good principle would serve as a chronicler, critic and exponent of the American stage and its people. But the puny barnacles that have fastened themselves on the good old dramatic ship are only worth scraping off. They merely serve to retard her steady progress and to give her an unclean, neglected appearance.

The business department of this journal, like its editorial department, has always been conducted on the highest principles. There is a distinct line drawn between the office and the

editorial rooms. There is not a man or woman in the entire dramatic profession that patronizes our advertising columns because he or she is afraid of unpleasant consequences in case of a failure to do so. It was different when the Editor of THE MIRROR entered the field a number of years ago. He found a ruffian with a club in his hand, swinging it over the heads of defenceless and completely terrorized professionals, who were only too glad to pay tribute to the scoundrel in order to escape his vicious mendacity and abuse. He was given rope enough and in time he hanged himself by the noose which THE MIRROR rove at the end of it. Then this paper set to work to teach actors, actresses and managers that it was a true friend and counsellor, recognizing the inalienable rights of private character and respecting them sacredly. This was a novel sort of dramatic newspaper for the profession, who found in it not only a conscientious organ but a medium of fast-increasing influence. They knew that they were free from danger whether they advertised in it or not, and they soon learned that their advertisements were not wanted except when they found it advantageous to put them in. On this score THE MIRROR has been, and always will be, absolutely independent. For those that advertising will benefit it is the only medium in this country. It always gives value for value received.

In THE MIRROR counting-room several rules are strictly and invariably followed. We have one set of advertising-rates and they are never "cut" or altered to suit anybody. We would rather sacrifice any amount of business than discriminate unjustly in favor of anybody. Every advertiser has equal rights, and each can be assured that he is paying no more and no less proportionately for his announcements than any one else. Our rates are reasonable and our patrons universally express their satisfaction with them and with the results obtained by the use of our columns.

Aside from its refusal to scandalize public people, THE MIRROR differs in other important respects from most of the daily and weekly papers. One of these is its rule against admitting advertisements to the reading columns in the guise of spontaneous paragraphs, interviews or descriptive paragraphs. We do not cheat our readers with "Sol Pringles" or triple asterisks—every line that we print for perusal is genuine and there has never been one dollar taken over the counter for anything that was not an open and above-board advertisement. We choose our own subjects to submit to our clientele, and we have never permitted the prevailing species of "reading notice" fraud to debase our pages or insult our readers. When a "reading notice" is sent in it is set in nonpareil, headed with a line of type that distinguishes it from our local matter, is supplemented by the significant italic mark "com," and can in no way be mistaken for anything but what it really is—an advertisement.

We are perfectly aware that in this, as in many other features of doing business, we are opposed to the modern tendency of journalism, which is money-grubbing at the expense of editorial honor and independence; but we prefer to be different from other papers in all things where matters of good principle and uncompromising honesty are involved. Furthermore—and this is a secondary, albeit a gratifying consideration—we find that unrelaxing adherence to these views meets with general appreciation, THE MIRROR, its readers and advertisers alike profiting by it.

Not a day passes that we do not receive testimony to the wide influence and great efficacy of THE MIRROR as a theatrical advertising medium.

Following we quote a few recent specimen statements voluntarily and casually made to our business manager, clerks and reporters by patrons:

"One insertion of my card," said John W. Palmon, manager of Louise Pomeroy, "asking managers for open time brought offers sufficient to book nearly my whole route for next season."

"THE MIRROR is the paper for first-class theatrical advertising, I have learned by experience," said G. E. Blanchett, manager of C. J. Whitney's enterprises.

"I receive from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more responses to my advertisement in THE MIRROR than any other," remarked C. Lawrence Barry, manager of Augusta S. Van Doren.

"All managers carefully examine THE MIRROR business columns," said P. H. Lehnen, who manages theatres in Chicago, Rochester and Syracuse. "It is the paper, I find, to advertise in."

"I have derived great benefit from advertising in THE MIRROR," said S. P. Norman, late of the Margaret Mather company.

"THE MIRROR stands first and foremost as an advertising medium," said A. Roemer, the Union Square customer.

"The value of THE MIRROR for communicating with managers cannot be overestimated," said Sybil Johnstone.

"We find THE MIRROR of great service," said the manager of Richardson and Foos' printing establishment.

"Our firm would not miss an insertion of our card for a good deal more than its cost," observed N. Helmer, of Helmer and Leitz, the wig-makers.

"Your rates seem somewhat high," writes an out-of-town advertiser, "but I find, after all, that THE MIRROR is the cheapest paper to

advertise in, as I always get what I want. It is read by the right people. One has only to look over the columns of fresh advertising each week to understand what managers and actors think of THE MIRROR's usefulness. Having undoubtedly the largest circulation of any dramatic paper in the world it, of course, easily leads the van as an advertising medium."

"Continue my subscription of course," writes C. J. Whitney. "I could not live without THE MIRROR."

"I have received many offers of engagement through the agency of my card in THE MIRROR," said Amy Ames.

Jacob Litt, of the firm of Litt and Davis, said on Tuesday: "I consider that THE MIRROR about covers the entire dramatic field, as far as advertising goes. My advertisement is last week's issue has brought me over two hundred answers. If a man has a good thing he should advertise in a good paper. I did so."

"I have always found THE MIRROR a most excellent advertising medium," said Al Hayman to a reporter, "and whenever there is anything that needs to be advertised to the theatrical profession, I invariably use that medium—would not dream of doing otherwise. The expenditure is insignificant compared with the returns."

"For me there is no means of knowing what returns I get for advertising in any paper," said Mr. Hawthorne, the costumier "but I do know that the profession know that my advertisement is in THE MIRROR, and that when they want to know my address they look it up. I would never think of withdrawing my advertisement in THE MIRROR."

"I am about as steady a patron of THE MIRROR advertising columns as any one else," said A. L. Erlanger, "and whenever I want to make an announcement its counting-room is my objective point. I've always been well repaid for the outlay."

"THE MIRROR is the best theatrical paper in America," said Harry Greenwall, "and I find that it amply repays me to advertise in it. Everybody reads it, and naturally everybody sees your advertisement. Not alone the theatrical profession, but people outside the charmed circle, read it. Down in our country lots of people who have nothing to do with the stage subscribe for it, and every hotel has it. I don't believe there's a single cross-road town in the entire State of Texas that THE MIRROR doesn't reach regularly."

HONEST AND DISHONEST JOURNALISM.

From W. F. G. Shanks' Latest Out-of-Town Letter.

There are very few of the dramatic critics on reputable papers who obtain money illegitimately for their criticisms. The critics of the *World*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Post*, *Sun* or *Star* would resent any approach made to them by a manager for a favorable notice on any other than legitimate grounds. There is one dramatic paper, THE MIRROR—which will not allow a paid notice in its columns under any consideration. At the same time there are small fry writers on some of the sheets named, and others on the small fry of papers not named, who hag, borrow and blackmail wherever the foul manager comes along. Occasionally they have the hardihood to threaten an unfavorable notice, but the wiser managers laugh at them, and the foolish one pays them. There is only one dramatic writer, and he is no longer regarded as a dramatic critic, who openly pretends to falsify, and perverts his demands, to which even bold managers succumb; but his pen is held in mortal fear by those who know it is for sale, and yet dare not flout its caustic and poisonous flow. He has gone so far and has become so notorious for his methods of blackmail that, like Snake in the School for Scandal, he would be ruined if his true character should be taken away. Instead of resending this paragraph he sends now to the managers as descriptive of himself and of his position as well as his methods. One or two young writers vary the monotony of the business by agreeing to work for a star, or several of them, for a small stipend a week from each, and this fee is continued and paid only so long as the notices are favorable. But in all cases this sort of blackmail is possible only when managers are first-class idiots, who think they know all about the newspaper business and how to beat the publication office.

There is another class of newspaper blackmailers who prey upon another class of people—would-be actors, stage aspirants—and usually it is women aspirants who suffer most. These men have only a tenuous connection with newspapers, but they claim great influence with both newspapers and managers, and they take fees for using that alleged influence as long as unsuspecting women will pay. As a rule, a journalist will use his influence in this way some time, if with a paper, and never attains any with the manager. The recommendation of such persons is simply damaging to aspirants. Nineteen managers out of twenty, and probably the entire score of them, at once conclude when a newspaper man strongly endorses a woman, young or old, that the woman is an improper character; and that, if she be young, the journalist is seeking a fatener for her at somebody else's expense, and, if she be old, that he is trying to fasten his past pastime on the dramatic profession.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.

The Paper World.

On May 1 THE NEW YORK MIRROR moved into its handsome new quarters at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, where it will most probably remain permanently. The counting and editorial rooms have been handsomely fitted up, and all the offices are claimed to be second to those of no other paper of the kind in the city for comfort and convenience.

—Henry Scharf, a veteran actor, who has been in the Lizzie Evans company ever since that lady began starring, has been missing since June 18, and his friends fear that he may have met with foul play or accident. Mr. Scharf left his lodgings, No. 69 Irving place, this city, on the date mentioned, and has not been heard of since. He was sixty-five years of age, and in his early days was a well-known comedian at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. In 1850 he was brought over on the comedian of the old Broadway Theatre, this city, in company with William Davidge, br. F. B. Conway and others. After playing here one season he was in the stock of theatres in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He then became a professor of Elocution and Anatomical Drawing in the University of Virginia, and remained at the stage twenty-five years. Theatre-goers will recall his artistic presentation of Old Fogg, the Ferryman, in Fogg's Ferry.

—W. J. Scanlan will open his season at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, on August 15, in *Shadows-Lawn*, for a run of three weeks," said Gus Pitou to a MIRROR reporter. "The company will leave Omaha on August 15. With two exceptions—Kitty Blanchard and Thaddeus Shale—it will be the same as last season. I shall leave for San Francisco on August 1. I am sending the properties by freight and steamer. In this way I am saving all the extra freight and baggage expenses from Boston on to San Francisco the highest route. I have been \$2,000 hundred pounds, and I have shipped an \$8,500 hundred by steamer from Boston to Galveston, and from the latter city to 'Frisco by the Southern Pacific. My railroad arrangements were made a long time ago. While the Inter-State Commerce bill was still in Congress I made a contract with the Union Pacific road by which I secured the tickets from Omaha to San Francisco and back, stopping at all the towns on the way, for \$60—not much more than half a cent a mile. It may look odd to some people to see us start from San Francisco, but my railroad is better done in such a way that the expense of the first week of my season, three in San Francisco and two back to Omaha, playing all the important parts of the handling of the printing for that period, will be low as it ever has been for the same kind of season any section of this country."

with King Hedy to play Buster, the Detective, in Silver King next week.

Prof. Hedy, the "crazy" man, is making his new show at Riverside Park and is having a daily excursion to the grounds.

IOWA.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Doherty Opera House (John Doherty, proprietor): Edward Harrigan and co., appeared in Cordelia's Aspirations June 25. The co. secured a success. The audience was enthusiastic over Harrigan's song, "My Dad's Dinner-Pail." The orchestra was splendid.

Armed Horse's London Show, filling a week's engagement, is one of the best seen here that ever visited this city. Good business.

WATERLOO.
Andrews Circus came June 27-30 to very large business. Black Brothers' Circus, same dates, did a good business.

The Kenzie Goodrich co., is spending a two weeks' vacation here. Seem to enjoy themselves.

This town is getting to be a good point for co. to tie up, as we have good hotels, housing and fine river scenery.

Miss Goodrich reopens here 11.

KANSAS.

WICHITA.
Coup's Equercurriculum closed a successful week's engagement June 25. Owing to the hot weather, the entertainments were given in a tent adjoining Crawford's Opera House.

J. J. Lodge, late of Chicago, has assumed the management of the Main Street Theatre, and with a new co. is giving a Coleridgean Case, a very interesting play. It is the Garfield, Oliver Twist held the boards last week to fair crowds.

Robert Neff has joined the Zoological Museum stock co., and as he has considerable local notoriety the house is well patronized.

Work on Crawford's new house is suspended, owing to non-arrival of building material. The house will be completed by the middle of October.

NEWTON.
Ragdale Opera House (Joseph B. W. Johnston, manager): W. C. Coup's trained horses and the Elliott's in their wonderful performances on the bicycle June 28-30. The troupe is delighting crowds. The house has been closed for the past six weeks, and will remain so, more or less, during the rest of the season. Manager Johnston has had a very successful season, and is looking some excellent attractions for "further on."

LEAVENWORTH.
Crawford's Opera House: June 27, Wilber Comedy co. opened for a week's engagement at panic prices to big house, and have done a good business all the week.

Arena: Sells Circus 1. Performance this afternoon interrupted by rain.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.
The season at Greenwood Gardens has been auspiciously opened. A variety of acts and Prof. Burton's troupe of trained dogs have proved a good drawing card, and the numerous improvements that the enterprising manager has made during the present season reflectly demonstrate his endeavor to make the place the most popular resort outside of Portland.

The season proper opens 11, when Arthur Wilkinson begins a six weeks' season of comic opera. Several old and many new acts will be welcomed in Billie Taylor, the opening opera.

Island Gossip: The repairs on the Pavilion are being rapidly pushed, and the new entrance is a decided improvement. Charles Brown is to be leading lady with the Wilkinson co. James Lyle, who has made himself decidedly popular among all the islanders, is at his old post this season as polite and gentlemanly as of old.

Gardens—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bull (Marie Muller) will be members of the Opera co.—Leila Farrell, of this city, has gone abroad for the summer—Will Jordan, of The 1st Soldier co., is at home here.—S. P. Norman is manager of the Pavilion this season.—The Star Line is the most popular, owing to the attentions of its officials and the accommodations of its steamers.

BANGOR.
Frank A. Robbins' Circus and Menagerie to good crowds June 27. What the show lacked in quantity it made up in quality.

Charles J. Burgess, manager of Hartford Opera House, Belfast, died in that city, June 23, aged 37 years.

Mr. Burgess was a well known actor, and had many friends in the profession who will regret his early taking off.

William A. Daly, of Vacation fame, was in town last week.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting the genial George S. Cole, Press Agent, and William P. Lopez, Manager, of Robbins' Circus.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HOLYOKE.
Baron's Circus celebrated Fourth of July in this city and was greeted by two of the largest crowds that ever turned out at a seaside entertainment. Although we think the King of Showmen has given us a better entertainment, there are many commendable features. First and foremost should be mentioned the Silbons, whose daring feat on the trapeze kept the vast audiences breathless. Their act was finished both afternoon and evening without a miss, and was generally conceded the best part of the show. Also deserving of mention are the Strick Family, who have been riding the equestrian act of Adelaide Cordova, and the high wire specialty of Mile. Rose. Captain Paul Boyton appeared in his glory in an artificial lake built expressly for the purpose.

Need I say that the genial press agent of the Barum Show, Morris H. Warner, was here, and made it interesting for the press boys? Your correspondent wishes to acknowledge many courtesies rendered at his hands.

Wonder if Paul Boyton remembers the eel he caught in Brookline?

A Sunday local gives the complete list of the Booth-Barrett co. for E. J. J. Bailey, John A. Lane, C. H. Hanford, Ben G. Rogers, Owen Fawcett, Lawrence Hanford, Charles M. Collins, L. J. Henderson, Walter Thomas, Kendall Weston, J. W. Albaugh, Jr., F. Vroom, J. L. Finley, Beaumont Smith, Edwin M. Royce, Minna K. Gale, Gertrude Kellogg, Elizabeth Robbins, Miriam O'Leary and Emma Marble. A. B. Chase is director, Joseph Levy general business agent, and Oliver Doud is the stage manager.

Many first-class acts are being booked for the opera house, and a busy season is indicated.

WALTHAM.
Music Hall (W. D. Bradstreet, manager): A small but appreciative audience was in attendance June 27, when Maida Craig and Boyd Putnam presented scenes and selections from The Jilt, Pygmalion and Galatea, Romeo and Juliet and Camille. For a light summer entertainment the bill was well conceived. The attendance was large, and the play was well received.

Pertaining to the matter of co. securing dates and failing to appear spoken of by your Lynn correspondent in the last issue of The Mirror, I would say that this is becoming more frequent with each season, and in four cases out of every five the co. doing so rate as first-class attractions. Waltham has had her full quota of such the past season, among which were Modesty, McNeill, Slavin and Johnson. The Madison Square Held by the Enemy co., etc. I give these names simply to show the class of attractions which practice this business.

BROCKTON.
P. T. Barum's name was sufficient to draw two large audiences June 27. The ring performances were good, and the trapeze acts the best ever seen in the city. The menagerie was enlarged here by the birth of three leopards one of which was named Roy. Of the army of Morris H. Warner, press agent for Barum, is a thorough gentleman, and I am very grateful to him for courtesies.

Joseph Buckley, of the Union Square Theatre, is expected home next week to spend his vacation.

SPRINGFIELD.
The Muse: The Standard Opera co. closed its month's engagement at this house, four performances of Olivette, June 27-30, to light business. The venture has not proved successful, but the co. intend to keep on the road during the heated term. A minstrel troupe which Manager Arnold is gathering will be the next attraction. I hear that Thomas Donnelly, of the Hi Henry Minstrel, and George Markham, a local clog-dancer and brother of Fred Markham, of the sketch team of Markham and Goldie, will be included in the co.

Barum and the warmest day of the season came together. The menagerie, while not as large as of yore, contains some bright specimens. Of the excellent ring performance the feats of the Stricks and Silbons deserve a word of praise, as does Paul Boyton's novel exhibition. The attraction of the army of Morris H. Warner's hucksters were more hilarious than the red-tailed men, in whose capacious bowls of cooling fluid calmly reposed the incandescent lump of glass which looks like the actress, is spending a few days here with her sister, Georgia Tyler.

Letters are held here in the post-office for Manager Lem Wiley, Pete Daley, Con Balabrega, and John S. Moulton.

One of the scenic artists at Niblo's, New York, has inspected the Opera House with a view to retouching and other improvements. Proprietor Gilmore has not yet decided on the alterations.

Of late there has been considerable discussion among

the circus employers as to the relative merits of Thomas Strick, Walter Silbons and Charles Brown as monkey riders, which culminated them by Captain Brown offering a good will to the circus, and the other two in the park through encumbered by slugs on the ground. Strick gave his rivals one yards start but easily won in 20 sec., with Silbons 22. 30 and Brown 24. sec. later.

FITCHBURG.

Whitney's Opera House will be under the management of John W. Ogden the coming season. Mr. Ogden is proprietor of Washington Park, a picnic resort in Fitchburg, and has had some managerial experience. He was treasurer of the house last season, and will without doubt make a successful manager. During the past season 22 evening and 8 matinee entertainments were given. The total receipts were over \$50,000. Deanna Thompson did the largest business over \$500. The T. P. W. Minstrel, John and Maggie Mitchell, and the Devil's Auction and Black Crook over \$500 each. Minnie Hank, Jefferson, Rhea, Stetson's Opera co., Frank Mayo, the Knights, the Dalys, Wilson and Rhea, and Alvin Leslie each drew over \$500. Among the attractions already booked for next season are the T. P. W. Minstrel, Maggie Mitchell, Rhea, Den Thompson, Pat Kowser, Mand Banks, Annie Flagg, Salsbury's Troupe, the Held by the Enemy, the Army of Morris H. Warner, the Knights, Chas. Frank, Michael Strogoff, Fannie's Slave, the Dalys.

MICHIGAN.
PONTIAC.
City Opera House (L. A. Sherman, manager): A Lyceum Theatre co., supporting Marie Brainerd, week of June 27, is Pearl of New York, a comedy of Danites. Called Back and Led Astray. Poor business. Hot weather and the G. A. R. Reunion were too much.

The treasurer of the co. was found to be about \$500 short in his accounts, and was consequently arrested and is now languishing in the county jail. Some of the money was recovered. Co. short of funds.

LANSING.
Opera House (M. J. Mack, manager): Golden Opera co. June 27, week. Good house. Mr. Golden is a whole show in himself, and is surrounded by a good co., among whom bewitching little Julia Glover deserves special mention. After a week's engagement in Battle Creek the co. will disband. Mr. Golden planned for a much larger company for next season. James Fort will probably continue in the management.

KALAMAZOO.
Academy of Music (J. W. Slocum, manager): Golden Opera co. week of 11. Week of 25 the Critteron Opera co.

GRAND RAPIDS.
There have been no attractions at the opera houses the past week. The Black Crook will be put on at Powers' 18-20. Reveal and entertainments of the Detroit Regatta.

The regular season at Powers' opens August 1 with the T. P. W. Minstrel, followed 4 by Fox and Dalton's opera.

Manager Berger is busy making some decided improvements in the interior of Powers', besides building a new and attractive box-office. The list of attractions for this house the coming season is remarkably strong.

Hartman's all will be the name of a new building now being erected for political and mass meetings, etc. It will have a stage 25x45 and seating capacity of 2,500.

Willard Brigham's benefit will take place 13, and I predict a "bouncer."

A large delegation of G. R. Lodge R. P. O. E. attended the meeting of Elks in Detroit last week, and all speak well of the city and its prospects.

Brother C. W. Chace, who is the recipient of an elegant souvenir in the shape of a diamond-studded Elk badge from the local lodge last week.

MINNESOTA.
ST. PAUL.
Past week the weather has been clear and fine—a little warm, running from eighty to ninety-five in the shade. Every promise of a fine wheat-crop. Dramatic and musical matters very quiet. Sackett and Wiggins' Dime Museum has good attractions, and is drawing good houses.

MISSOURI.
KANSAS CITY.
At Music Hall The Mikado was given with the following cast: The Mikado, Harry Rattenberry; Ko-Ko, Edward Temple; Pooch-Bah, George H. Broderick; Pish-Tush, H. R. Reeves; Nanki-Poo, Thomas Christy; Nee-Ban, F. M. Kupper; Yam-Yam, Ida Mülle; Piti-Sing, Mabel Haas; Peep-Boo, Eva Ballou; Katisha, Emma Mabelle Baker. The Mikado is the most decided success of the season so far. Manager Thomas should congratulate himself on the reception it received on opening night, June 27, and all the week for that matter. The stage setting was an artistic conception, while the ensemble was of a superior order.

Harry Rattenberry was as the Mikado, and appeared to better advantage than at any time of the present season. Mr. Temple was Ko-Ko, and made much of the role, but, unfortunately, he is still suffering from a severe cold, which has appeared in the form of a hoarse voice. He could not respond to encores. George H. Broderick made the best Poo-Bah that has ever appeared here. Mr. Broderick is a great favorite and everything he sang was accorded to which he replied bravely. H. R. Reeves made an exceedingly good Pish-Tush. The Nanki-Poo of Thomas Christy was a surprise to everyone. He sings beautifully and speaks his part in a dramatic manner, which is agreeable in contrast to the usual wandering minstrel who has appeared in the past. There is one defect in his enunciation which should be remedied, and that is a penchant for speaking too rapidly and dragging the terminal letter of one word over the next as, for example, "I am a Japanese."

Ida Mülle severed her connection with the Thomas Opera co. 26, going East to fill an engagement. This will miss Haas for leading part. The co. will be in no way weakened. Mr. Thomas has already secured another prima donna.

Warder Grand Opera House Opening: It has been announced that the Booth-Barrett co. will open this new opera house on Oct. 24. President Cleveland and his wife and others of national distinction will be invited to occupy boxes.

ST. JOSEPH.
Tootle's Opera House (R. S. Douglas, manager): This house, after a month's quiet, was opened June 27, to Harrison's Path Theatre co. The Leather Patch and Cordelia's Aspirations were presented. Mr. Harrison brought his entire New York co., with Braham's Orchestra, and gave us a rare and much enjoyed treat. Extreme warm weather made receipts lighter than should have been. Haver's Minstrel, who came shortly, and then Summer overhauling begins.

MONTANA.
BUTTE.
Grand Opera House (John H. Maguire, lessee): George C. Miln opened in Richelieu on June 27, and played the week to moderate business.

NEBRASKA.
LINCOLN.
Opera House (Fred Funke, manager): Edward Harrigan and his New York co. in Cordelia's Aspirations played to big business June 29.

Edward Harrigan carries the largest orchestra on the road.

NEW YORK.
ROCHESTER.
Academy of Music (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): The extreme heat was a rather effect upon the attendance during the past week. Even our old-time friend, Uncle Tom, could not influence the people to swelter in doors. The last half of the week Harry Hart's comedy-drama, Karl's Promise, was played and proved fairly successful. The play contains many new ideas and striking situations. The dialogue, as a rule, is crisp and bright, yet the tendency to blood-and-thunder should be curtailed and would add materially to the general effect. Gracie Emmett is a vivacious and sparkling little lady and is very catching in her specialties. Little Ivelid Hart won hearty applause in the character of Edna. Miss Barrow is also deserving of praise for her conscientious work. Harry Hart, the author, was thoroughly conversant with his part and was warmly received. With the liberal use of the punning implements Karl's Promise can safely be considered a "go" for the season. The week of J. W. Ransom in Across the Atlantic.

Marriage: Manager John J. Lehnen, of the Grand, was married in this city, July 1, to Miss Henry, one of Rochester's fairest daughters. Mr. Lehnen will be located in Chicago next season, where he will manage the Windsor Theatre in the interests of his brother, P. H. Lehnen.

The sale of seats for Stage Director Taylor's benefit at the Academy 11 is quite brisk, and without doubt the house will be crowded.

A. W. Purcell, ex-manager of the Casino in this city,

is now managing a tent show at Ontario Beach, Rochester's Casino Island.

NIAGARA FALLS.
Park Theatre (A. H. Glock, manager): The Zoso Opera House troupe, headed by Joseph Steele, Harrington and Johnson's troupe of Novelties came 4-10 to fair business.

Proctor will be presented 14-15 by local talent under the direction of Harry C. Ferson, of Fersons. Mrs. Arthur Miller, of the Orchestral and Musical Opera co., will take the part of Josephine.

SYRACUSE.
On the occasion of the testimonial benefit tendered George Gardner, of St. Jacobs, and Proctor's Grand Opera House, Rhea to Earth will be produced for the first time in Syracuse. The beneficiary will undertake three characters—Moya, Wilshire and Miss O'Flanagan. She will be supported by local talent.

The Apollo Club inaugurated their first outside engagement 20, on the occasion of the benefit tendered Manager Chas. and Treasurer Plummer of the Grand Opera House. The entertainment was enjoyed by a large audience.

Cal Wagner's Theatre: A fair minstrel co., headed by Cal Wagner appeared July 4.

AUBURN.
Academy of Music (E. J. Matson, manager): Cal Wagner's Minstrel gave a fair entertainment to light business June 29.

CANANDAIGUA.
Kingsbury's Opera House (S. Kingsbury, manager): Happy Cal Wagner's Minstrel did a light business, but the co. consists of a few clever people, but taken as a whole, it was rather "airy," even for a Summer attraction.

Sol Smith Russell opens the season at Kingsbury's Grand August 10 in Edgewood's Folks.

OSWEGO.
Manager Frisbie is now in your city booking attractions for next season for the Casino Opera House and Academy of Music, both houses now being under his control. Barnum August 23.

OHIO.
DAYTON.
The Grand (Reist and Dickson, managers): The Critteron Opera co. opened a Summer season of four weeks June 27, presenting The Mascotte, to an audience that fairly tested the capacity of the theatre. The co. was an agreeable surprise to everyone. It was evidently selected with much discretion, and Managers Walters and Aborn can well feel proud of it. The co. is headed by that popular comedian, Milton Aborn, who, as Lorenzo, made a very favorable impression. His business, in Charles Kent, is all right, and he is very cleverly executed. Besides, I was so comically clothed, as to place it above all predecessors. Ed. McCuen, as Rocco, shared the honors with Aborn. He is the best hawker I have seen. Charles, as Pippo, acquitted himself nobly. He is the possessor of a rich and deep baritone voice. Lucille Meredith sang Betina charmingly, several of her solos being encores. The chorus is large, strong and very well drilled. The costumes were excellent. The Mikado was put on 30 and drew fairly well. Clem Hechtelrode (an old Dayton boy) received an ovation as the Mikado and received several beautiful floral designs from well-to-do matter. Clara Throp invested money in the part of Piti-Sing than any one who has yet assumed this insignificant role. It stood out like a setting in a ring.

Ed. McCuen, who went to New York City last week, leaves a hole in the co. hard to fill.

Mr. Rook, expects the difficult role of Colonel in The Shadow on the Heath.

Mr. and Mrs. Cordero have created a most favorable impression among our theatre patrons.

Mr. Lennox has also left the co. He has been playing well in juvenile parts.

Mr. Kendrick, who went to New York City last week, leaves a hole in the co. hard to fill.

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Low prices. Miss Adell had the misfortune to strike Erie in a very hot week, it being almost impossible to keep cool anywhere. For this reason the attendance was not so large as the co. wanted, for they certainly give good performances. Miss Adell received many tokens of applause, as did Oscar Eagle.

Prof. O. H. Knoll, the cornetist, is home for a few days. He was highly spoken of by The Mirror man in last issue.

Nothing is booked here for awhile, and the house will very likely be completely overhauled soon.

TENNESSEE.
MEMPHIS.
The quietude that had so long prevailed was broken last week, and the hearts of the juveniles bounded with delight on the arrival of De Haven's Circus. The show was well worth a dime and drew large crowds, despite the sloppy weather.

From what I hear, the attractions booked for the coming season are the best on record. The new Memphis will open Sept. 30 with Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels. We will have the Carleton Opera co. later on. If Faany Rice is along the house will be full. She has made her last season in Nassau. Who could but admire her cuteness? It is what the people down here say.

KNOXVILLE.
Staub's Theatre (Frita Staub, proprietor): The Strangers of Paris co., which has been so unsuccessful here, has failed again, part of the co. going home and the remainder retiring Patterson Hall, to play at panic prices.

The Usher.



Wood him who can! The light and the dark—
—Love's Lament, L. M. H.

Mrs. Stacey, the lady whose young daughter Della made her debut under singularly unconventional circumstances one afternoon last week at Dockstader's, has plenty of grit and determination. Knowing positively nothing of the theatrical business, she made a bargain with Ardennes Foster to give Della a New York appearance. Mr. Foster received what little money Mrs. Stacey could gather together and then left her in the lurch, endeavoring meanwhile to prevent the performance taking place at all. The unforeseen incidents and interruptions of Tom Craig's Wife, together with the presence of General Sherman, made the affair extremely peculiar and out of this fact Miss Stacey succeeded in reaping a good deal of gratuitous newspaper advertising, the which she believes to be compensatory for the disappointments of the drama and its poor production.

How rash is the novice—how amazingly self-assured and confident in risking that from which other and wiser persons would shrink. Until this more or less memorable performance Miss Stacey had never been on the stage in her life, yet under the Irving circumstances she showed absolutely no nervousness. The reason for this is that the novice does not know enough to be nervous. When she begins to acquire knowledge that comes, too, and its appearance is always an encouraging sign. Miss Stacey's father died a year ago. He was a Colonel in the regular army, and had been twenty-eight years in the service. The daughter some time ago put herself under the instruction of that estimable actress, Rosa Rand, who says that her pupil possesses gifts of no ordinary character. General Sherman knew the young lady's father, and that is why he was present in a box at her debut to cheer her efforts and lead the applause.

The General's kindly heart has been the means of helping several people in the profession. Last week he gave another evidence of generous encouragement besides that just referred to, in respect to the production of Col. Nunez' False Steps at the Windsor, when he was on hand to give the occasion a distinguished interest and to respond to cries for a speech. It is more the fault of the old warrior's heart than his head that he exercises his influence without ever stopping to consider the artistic worthiness of the person it benefits. In the case of Mary Anderson he was on the right track, but with Blanche Roosevelt it was decidedly different. That bright woman couldn't sing a bit with all her study, but this made no difference to the General, who, in the innocence of his nature, boosted and boomed her as if she had been a Patti, Jr. All this is valuable as proving the graciousness of Mars, but it is a rank injustice to art all the same.

My mail-bag is a constant source of expectation and amusement. Every day I receive a hundred or more letters, and of course in the number there are many odd and funny communications, chiefly in the nature of questions from anxious querists. They want me to tell them everything ranging from "where to buy a pure article of peroxide of hydrogen in Philadelphia or New York" to "where to find a dastardly and delinquent husband who has left the hotel and wardrobe trunks of his too trustful wife in the iron grip of a relentless hotel-keeper. Their inquiries cover every imaginable and unimaginable subject. Here's the perennial chap who wants me "to decide a wager" by letting him know in my next if Boucicault ever brought a live dog on the stage in The Shoghran; the girl who has her a box of Huyler's buttercups that Ed. Sothorn's eyes are grey and not blue; the "Constant Reader" who is stage-struck and wants to know how to proceed to get an engagement; the gentleman who is importunate for the exact date of some unimportant performance in the '90's; the fellow who thinks you ought to read his play and interest yourself in securing its production at Wallack's or the Madison Square; the accommodating but ungrammatical individual who tells you that your paper would be perfect if you would add a feature that he is prepared to furnish for a modest honorarium, on order; the reminiscent relic who finds some coincidental or connecting interest in every contemporaneous happening with some other happening in the dim and remote past; and the actor who says your dramatic critic is a brutal ignoramus because the latter did not say that the actor was a fine actor and a great actor, and a very genius in brief. These are but a few of the classes of correspondents in my catalogue,

but they suffice to give an inkling of the vast fund of entertainment which by virtue of my lot I am constantly afforded.

The quaintest, queerest and funniest of the letters that have reached me for several years past I have stored away in some unused pigeon-hole, and one day I shall sort them over and regale you with extracts from the best of the lot.

The other day a crank sent me a synopsis of what he denominated as "the greatest American drama of modern times." It was entitled The Bride of the Mammoth Cave; the scene was laid in various portions of that subterranean retreat, and the leading character, euphoniously and alliteratively christened Jabez Jackson Jones, was gravely described as "a well-known negro agnostic."

Past on the heels of the report that Mary Anderson's brother Joseph is to marry Lawrence Harrett's daughter Gertrude comes the rumor from London that Miss Anderson herself is engaged to Forbes Robertson, the accomplished artist and actor, who was her leading support the last time she toured in her native country.

Mrs. Potter is going to challenge London criticism again. She announces that she will change from the piece in which she has been so unmercifully criticised, to another shortly.

The London Dramatic Review, a journal that is never so happy as when it is giving something or somebody American a dig, quotes an article on Dixey that recently appeared in this journal, and remarks that that enterprising "who came over here with a rotten play, an indifferent company and a huge reputation, is being 'let down' in a most refreshing manner by the American press." If the editor of the Review will glance over the files of The Mirror he will find that this paper exposed Mr. Dixey's true relation to the American stage before he visited England, and objected to his being received, on his manager's gaseous assurance only, as our representative comedian, a representative comedian, or even a comedian. He was only rated here as a popular performer of graceful tricks, and The Mirror took the pains to caution its English contemporaries in advance. And now the Review talks about our "letting down" Mr. Dixey!

Edward Aronson left town for his brief vacation yesterday. He will spend it at the Hotel Katershill in the Catskills and at the Fort William Henry, Lake George. Dr. Nesbitt goes along as a medical guard of honor.

I note that some of the papers credit Mrs. Langtry with being the first woman to take out naturalization papers in this country. That is a pleasant little fiction. Madame Poniel, who doesn't claim any priority in the matter, was naturalized over thirty years ago.

Hard upon the account of the memorable journey of Dr. Robertson, Clay Greene and Geoffrey Hawley to the Maine wilderness comes a telegram announcing the utter defeat and rout of the party by the indigenous black-floes. Greene and Hawley have retreated to Connecticut, while the doctor is proceeding, by easy stages, to the Maccanoma House at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Mary Anderson had an unpleasant experience in Edinburgh last month. The Harriers asked her to bestow some prizes. She declined in a formal note written by her secretary. The Harriers were mightily offended in consequence. They attended the Lyceum Theatre in a body, filling the gallery, and accompanying the performance of Galatea with boisterous and disturbing remarks. When Galatea in the last act assumed a suppliant attitude and with uplifted face and outstretched arms exclaimed "the gods will help me," the gallery at once shouted back derisively "We will, we will!" The better sense of the lower part of the house finally succeeded in quelling the noise, but not before Mary had grown thoroughly angry. The Scotch and English papers vigorously reproved the Harriers for their rudeness and expressed sympathy for the actress.

Nowhere Lawrence Marston replies to John A. Stevens' statements concerning the authorship and production of Hypocrite. It is but fair to Mr. Stevens to state that his assertions in the main have been corroborated by Manager Rosenquest.

Death of Edward Lamb.

The announcement yesterday of Edward Lamb's death on Tuesday night occasioned widespread sorrow in professional circles. It was only a short time ago that the disease which brought about this sad event—cancer of the stomach—was discovered. He continued, however, to play his part in On the Rio Grande with the company, of which he was part proprietor, until the close of the season in June 4. Since then he has been under medical treatment at his home in Brooklyn. He suffered a good deal from his dread malady, but bore up bravely to the end. The funeral will take place on Friday.

Mr. Lamb was fifty-eight years old. He was a native of this city. His first professional appearance was made at the old National The-

atre as Martin Haywood in The Rent Boy. For six years he was a valued member of F. H. Conway's company at the Brooklyn Park. He was also at various times with Augustin Daly, E. A. Sothorn, McKee Rankin, A. M. Palmer, Annie Pliny and other prominent managers and stars.

As a comedian Mr. Lamb possessed decided ability. His work was always well and conscientiously performed. He had great native intelligence, quick perceptions, droll humor and a knowledge of the details of his art acquired by arduous training. Socially he was universally popular, numbering hundreds of professional friends among his friends. He had many admirable qualities, and his integrity was flawless. He was a good actor, a good husband and father, and a good friend. His loss is deeply and widely regretted.

Manager Gardiner's Three Enterprises.

"I shall have three enterprises under my management next season," said M. M. Gardiner to a Mirror reporter: "Frank Mayo in The Royal Guard and Nordeck, Zozo and The Streets of New York; with George C. Bonifacio as the star. Mr. Mayo will do The Royal Guard as the principal attraction and Nordeck at the matinees. There will be eighteen people in the company, and among those already engaged are J. H. Taylor, David Hanchett, Alice Fisher, Miss Larimore and Helen Rand. The season will open in Buffalo on August 13, and from there the company will go direct to San Francisco. We shall only carry one—the principal—scene, and shall make the theatres where we play furnish the rest. In the large cities we shall have about fifty people on the stage at every performance. The wardrobe will be entirely new, made especially for us by the Hayes Costume Company. Time is booked up in Dec. 19."

As for our huge company, it will be managed by Joseph Frank, under my direction. Among the people we have already engaged are Tom Hanlon, a daughter of the late Thomas Hanlon, of the Hanlon Brothers, who possesses a splendid talent; M. T. Misp, formerly with McCull's opera company; J. B. Richards, the tenor, three ladies from the Little Tycoon company and four from McCull's opera company. There will be twenty girls in the ballet. The scenery is painted by Henry M. May. The season has not yet been engaged. We shall open the season on Sept. 3 at the Windsor in this city, and then go to Chicago. We will only play at first-class theatres—no museums—and time is booked solid up to April with week stands. The Streets of New York goes out with Mr. Bonifacio and a strong company, but little altered from last season. We shall carry nearly all the scenery for the play, and week stands and good houses only will be played. The season opens at Providence on Sept. 13, and time has been booked up in February.

Mr. Rosenquest Corrects Mr. Stevens.

Mr. Rosenquest, manager of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, called at The Mirror office the other day in contradistinction certain statements made by John A. Stevens in last week's interview with the latter concerning the play Hypocrite and its production.

"Mr. Stevens told the truth in his story," said Mr. Rosenquest, "except in one or two particulars. It is not true that Hypocrite played to more money the first week than Den Thompson in The Old Homestead the first week of its run at my theatre. Hypocrite's receipts were \$3,337.70, while Mr. Thompson's were over \$4,000—and that was, by the way, the lightest week during the whole engagement."

"Furthermore, I did not, as Mr. Stevens said, get frightened by hostile newspaper criticism and lose my nerve. I was losing my money, and for that reason, and also because, according to agreement, I should have had to enter into a contract to put the play on the road next season if it were continued. Hypocrite came off after the second week. It had a fine company and a careful production; but it was a failure."

Lawrence Marston, author of Hypocrite, called later to give his side of the story. Mr. Marston believes that a very long and rusty nail was driven into the play on Monday evening, June 6, at the close of the second act.

"Up to that moment," said Mr. Marston, "the house was all enthusiasm, and the recalls were numerous enough to gladden the heart of any author. There were calls of 'Author! Author!' These were so persistent that Mr. Rosenquest came behind the scenes and insisted on my responding. Why I did not wish to respond will be explained later on. However, I was persuaded to bow my acknowledgments. As I turned to make my exit I was disconcerted. There stood John A. Stevens at my elbow, and I knew that a blight had fallen upon the play. I had from the sight of the audience, gazing down my indignation, known that Hypocrite's fate was sealed. During all the rest of the evening the audience was cold. I learned afterward that Mr. Stevens had brushed Mr. Rosenquest aside and rushed on the stage after me, against the earnest, imploring protests of the house manager. For a time I was much cast down over the failure of Hypocrite, but I've recovered my spirits and am at work again. Nothing can shake my belief that but for the rashness of Mr. Stevens the play would have been a great success."

Here, in brief, is the history of Hypocrite and Mr. Stevens' connection with it. The play was written about three years ago and called Walter's Home. In August, 1884, it was accepted by Kate Salisbury and Fred Bryn. The price was to be \$3,000, and \$250 was paid down. They afterward rejected it, and the first money was forfeited to me. I then took the play to Louis Aldrich, who was on well pleased with it that he offered \$500 for it. I refused. I rejected his offer. He said it was the only play he had ever read in which the villain had a reason for existing. Then I sought Harry Miner, who consented to produce the play if Joseph H. Haverth could be secured for the leading part. Mr. Haverth could not be had. Seeking money, I offered

Charles Davis a half interest for \$500. Here Mr. Stevens, whose Passing Shadows were sitting at the People's Theatre, nudged me and said he could raise \$500. After haggling for a long time with Mr. Stevens, he finally offered \$500. But he could not even raise this amount. A contract was drawn up and \$25 paid down. I objected to the word "collaborateur" in the contract, for Stevens, never wrote a line of the play. However, I was persuaded to allow it to stand. In sums from \$1 to \$25 I received in all \$146.55 from Mr. Stevens; but I have given him a receipt for \$500. I discovered that Stevens had quietly copyrighted the title Hypocrite. This led to more trouble, but he finally signed a paper acknowledging my half interest in the play.

"Here is what Mr. Stevens did to Hypocrite. He insisted that the third act should be made a 'crazy act'—that is, one of the characters should become a lunatic. I strongly objected to the 'crazy act,' but Mr. Stevens carried his point. He knocked me out with the assertion that Unknown had cleared a hundred thousand dollars simply because there was a crazy man in it. Mr. Stevens paid my expenses to Boston while I wrote in the 'crazy act.' He was also to pay me \$50 extra for the 'crazy act.' Now \$50 is a small amount for writing even a 'crazy act,' and so I confess to a little 'faking.' While Mr. Stevens was under surveillance of minions of the law, I roamed through libraries in search of novels—say Reade's—from which to draw 'crazy' inspiration. That's how I wrote the 'crazy act' for Mr. Stevens. I lugged in the speeches of crazy people found in novels. I forgot to say that the act was taken bodily from my play Daily News. Mr. Stevens never paid me the \$50 for the 'crazy act.'"

"When preparations for the production of Hypocrite were well advanced, it was deemed a matter of discretion to keep Mr. Stevens' name out of the announcements. He grumbled at this, and once threatened to knock the production in the head. To appease him I at once had my own name taken out of the announcements. This is why I did not care to respond to the calls of 'Author! Author!' on that fatal night."

Mansfield's Monsieur.

"Yes, it is true that Richard Mansfield wrote Monsieur, the new sketch in three acts which we present at the Madison Square Theatre next Monday night," said Manager Ed. Price to a representative of The Mirror. "He had been promised a new comedy to open the season with, but when we came it was not ready. We put on Prince Karl, but we had no new material to follow it."

"There are no claims whatever made for Monsieur. All that we hope is that it will prove a nice Summer entertainment. The part which Mr. Mansfield will play is that of Monsieur Andre Rosini. Mario de Jadot, a French music teacher of noble birth—one of those impracticable, visionary, exuberant fellows with considerable musical genius, who has been brought over to this country by one of those impetuous opera managers who talk so loudly and produce so few operas. When his friends are all used up Monsieur is compelled to do his best to get along, and is compelled to give music lessons. He is always in the clouds, and so it is little wonder that he falls in love with the daughter of a millionaire, Alice Golden, one of his pupils."

"The first act shows the home of the Goldenes, who, although of old stock, are very vulgar as well as very rich. In the second act the teacher and his pupil are married and living in humble lodgings. They have two very good friends—a young Englishman, the Hon. Charles M. Vernon, and Tom Vanderhuyzen. In the third act the couple are at Narragansett Pier, the two young men having made them their guests for the time being. Here the tables are turned. Millionaire Golden loses all his money and Andre receives tidings of his succession to vast estates in France, and a cable to the effect that his opera, produced in Paris, has been a success. Of course, with this the play ends happily. There is another love story running through the play, and a number of good comedy characters."

The Great Change at the Academy.

"We shall open the season of the Academy of Music as a combination theatre on Sept 5 or 12," said A. J. Murphy to a Mirror reporter, "and by that time I hope to have everything in order. In fact, when all the contemplated changes are made, I believe we shall have one of the finest theatres in America. To-day Mr. Douglas is to decide on the style of orchestra seats to be put in the balcony, where, as you already know, the first and second tier boxes are to be taken out. The change will give us 250 more seats. The Artists' boxes will remain as they are, and that will probably be the swell part of the house. They will come in very handy for theatre parties."

"Work on the improvements will probably begin next week. The house will be re-carpeted and re-upholstered throughout. We are going to put in a number of new fire-escapes, although they are not called for by the Fire Department. There are already fourteen exits on this floor. We are arranging for a new and improved fire apparatus, which will be put in under the direction of a well-known Fire Chief. These are not our only precautions against fire. We are getting estimates on an iron curtain. The front of the house will be lit up by incandescent lights, and we are thinking of using these on the stage also. A visit will be paid to McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, to see how the plan works there. As for other improvements on the stage, our carpenter is going to pay a visit to Philadelphia to inspect the Academy of Music in that city. That stage has been altered once or twice, and we intend to benefit by any improvements noted. Our gallery will be cut away six feet on either side. This will increase the width of the stage to sixty feet. It is also intended to have the roof over the stage levelled up, and to put in a skylight for safety and light. Mr. Kiraly paid a visit to the house recently, and was delighted with the changes to be made. In his opinion it would make the house one of the best for spectacular plays."

"A contemplated and very important change in the construction of the stage is that of throwing the proscenium wall fourteen feet forward, and thus bringing it nearer to the audience. The grooves are to be changed. All the scenery will be brand-new. There will probably be no change made in the dressing rooms. There are twenty-nine, all large, as well as a large room down stairs for super-numeraries. The supper-rooms will be con-

verted into smoking-rooms, the parlors, formerly used for rehearsals, into ladies' rooms, and the hideous wooden structure on the Irving Place side into a handsome portico of glass and iron.

"Among the attractions we have already booked—the official announcement that we were to have a combination theatre being made but very recently—are those of the New York Choral Society, which will give concerts every Sunday afternoon from two o'clock until five, beginning on Oct. 23 and ending on April 29; Henry E. Abbey, who begins a four weeks' engagement, with what we do not yet know, on the first Monday in January, and possibly Booth and Barrett."

Manager Tannenbaum's Views.

"There is a brightening up of business all over the South," said Jacob Tannenbaum, of the Southern Circuit, to a Mirror representative recently. "The people do not hear about and do not bother about politics, but are giving all their attention to business, to manufacturing and to the commercial advance of their section of the country. Of the great boom in Birmingham for the past two years I hardly think it will be necessary for me to tell you. Next season the population of that city will be from 50,000 to 60,000."

"Next to Birmingham comes Chattanooga, Tenn., which is feeling the revival in business very much. Atlanta, Ga., was always considered and really is the best town in the South for theatrical business. The receipts for two nights and a matinee in it are as much as in others for an entire week. Anniston, Ala., Knoxville, Tenn., and Columbus and Macon, Ga., are all feeling the effects of renewed commercial enterprise, while Montgomery, Ala., which has been on the go for the past two years, did a business last season that was better than that even of the two seasons before."

"On Mobile, Ala., I could dilate for hours. That city has always been considered a dead town, but instead of that it has been a very good one for the past two seasons, and has made money for all the good attractions. The real estate boom there has been something wonderful. Property in the last six months has gone up from forty to seventy-five per cent., and Northern people, recognizing that the city is shortly to become a great commercial centre, are investing money not alone in real estate, but in other property. They have bought several of the street railways and have laid the new water-works, to cost not less than \$5,000,000. The hotels generally in the South now are very good. One of the great enterprises of Mobile is a big cotton manufacturing, now being erected at a cost of one million dollars. It will be in running order in sixty days, and the added population the city is getting by this and other means is tending to make it one of the best theatrical points in the South."

"On account of the Inter-State Commerce law, I feared that I would not meet with success with my bookings, but so far they have been splendid and far beyond my most sanguine expectations. In fact the Southern circuit for the past two seasons has proved so profitable that all of the managers are coming back. One of the principal reasons for our great expectations for next season is the prospect of the biggest crops all over the South that we have had in the past ten years. Among the companies that have already booked on the circuit are a number that have played over it for the past five or six years."

Mr. O'Gorman in Human Nature.

"Human Nature, the play in which Richard O'Gorman will star next season under the management of Thomas H. Davis and myself," said Jacob Litt to a Mirror reporter the other day, "is a Yankee comedy in three acts on the style of The Old Homestead. It is a play that is true to nature, and one that appeals to the sensibilities of the average audience. We shall open the season with it around New York about Sept. 6, and although we only put our first advertisement in THE MIRROR last week, we have already had over 500 applications for time, which shows you how well Mr. O'Gorman is thought of on the road, and whether managers consider him possessed of drawing power or not."

"We shall carry all our own scenery, and it will be especially handsome. The different acts take place in New York and in New England. One of the scenes will give a glimpse of New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty; another will show a ferry scene, and the third will be a view of a New England farm. Mr. Davis will go in advance of the company, while John E. Hogarty will act as treasurer. Our company will number twenty-two people, carefully selected. A brass band will be carried along for the one-night stands. The orchestra will be in full evening dress, while on the band parade the men will wear the Continental uniform. Up to Jan. 1 we will play in one-night stands, after that nothing but the large cities. We will only play at the standard price theatres."

"For myself, I will not go with the company, but will devote my time to my theatre, the new Academy, Milwaukee. All the bookings for this house are completed except the opening week, that of Sept. 5. When that is closed I shall go home."

Business in the Garden City.

"The report that there was any disagreement between J. H. McVicker and myself," said A. M. Palmer, who returned to the city on Tuesday, to a Mirror reporter, "and that I went on to Chicago to make matters right, and that we are bad friends at the present time, is untrue in every particular. And Mr. McVicker would say the same thing to you were he here now. He has prolonged the engagement of the Madison Square Theatre company at his house to the 29th of August, making three months in all, the longest engagement of any company at his house. That doesn't look much like ill feeling."

"As for the business in the Garden City, I must tell you that Chicago is hot and the theatres are only doing fairly. What with the wheat corner, baseball and the races, there is lots to interfere with theatricals, and with the two strong companies of the country playing at the same time and hurting each other, it is no wonder that business is but fair. We shall do several new pieces out there, and for that reason I shall revisit Chicago, leaving only next week."

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, June 23, 1887.

London has gone Jubilee-mad this week, as of course you have already been duly advised by cable. We have had regular "Queen's weather" hitherto, and up to now the streets have been thronged night and day in a way which beats the oldest inhabitant's record into the hollowest of cocked hats, and everybody who has had the wherewithal to make merry appears to have had a particularly high old time. In the batch of Jubilee honors published on Tuesday there was no baronetage for Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, the chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and no peerage for Mr. John Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*, as those who professed to be in the know insisted that there would have been. Daily journalism was honored by making Bothwick, of the *Morning Post* (which is a capital medium for the insertion of flunkies' advertisements), a baronet; but Levy Lawson and Walter were left severely alone. These omissions have, however, been powerless to hinder the general joy, and after all they may be rectified before the end of the week, in which case of course the young lions of Peterborough Court and Printing House Square will indulge in extra special second editions of jubilation on their own account.

Mr. Walter has for many years shown his fitness to be called to the Upper House by doing nothing in particular; but I am not aware that he has ever been accused of doing it particularly well. Mr. Lawson, on the other hand, is a live journalist, and has run this Jubilee business with considerable energy throughout. He it was who in the columns of his paper started a subscription to entertain and trot out before her Majesty in Hyde Park last Tuesday 30,000 school children, all in honor of the Jubilee. The proprietors of the *D. T.* headed the subscription-list with a donation of £1,000 (£5,000), and for many days money rolled in from all and sundry who wished to advertise at once their loyalty and their names and business addresses. Opposition papers prophesied disaster dire to result from this massing of so many miles in one spot; and predictions of a "Hyde Park holocaust" were not wanting in various quarters. Happily there was never the shadow of a shade of reason for these pessimistic forebodings. Thanks to the admirable arrangements devised by the organizers of the affair, everything passed off without a hitch, and while perhaps 300,000 children were made envious and angry that they were not selected to jubilate in this manner, at least 30,000 were made for the time being perfectly happy and had each presented unto them a Jubilee mug with the Queen's portrait thereon, and some oranges, buns and a meat pie to rejoice withal.

But these be trifles light as air—not the meat-pies and the buns, *bien entendu*, but the matters which led up to them. Suffice it to say that, execrated though the Jubilee may be by many overworked members of the Fourth Estate, it has been hailed with unbounded satisfaction by perhaps the hardest-worked among them all. Need I say that I refer to dramatic critics, who, though yielding to none in loyalty to the reigning dynasty, yet see in the success of the matinee epidemic which the Jubilee festivities have brought about, more reason for rejoicing than is borne in upon them by the fact that her Most Gracious Majesty is now celebrating the fiftieth year of her most gracious reign. On Jubilee night many of the West End managers, moved partly by an access of loyalty and partly by the fact that all vehicular traffic being stopped for the day and night, no "carriage folk" could get within hail of any West End theatre, closed their doors. They might with advantage have continued the operations throughout the week, for the most part. Traffic restrictions were removed on the Wednesday, but the illuminations continued, and for that and the two following nights the majority of the West End theatres could show but a beggarly account of empty boxes, to say nothing of equally unoccupied stalls, galleries and pits.

A quarrel which is a very pretty one as it stands, but which, if carried out to the bitter end, will inevitably acquire additional attractions, is now raging between Augustus M. Moore and Clement Scott. Moore is a young man not altogether unknown in connection with theatrical journalism, though his chief claim on notice is that he was for some time Augustus Harris' acting manager at Drury Lane, and subsequently filled a similar but more responsible position under Wilson Barrett at the Princess'. Scott is, as many MIRROR readers are doubtless aware, the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is besides the author or part author of various dramatic works. Henry Herman (who besides collaborating with Freeman Wills in the preparation of *The Golden Band*, the play with which Miss Hewitt opened at the Olympic, officiates in the capacity of business manager and general adviser to that young lady) knew Moore in the old Princess' days, and, appreciating his ability, recommended Miss Hewitt to engage him as her acting manager, and engaged he accordingly was. For a fortnight or so all went well, but the night before the date announced for the production of *The Golden Band*, Mr. Scott, accompanied by Austin Brereton, marched down to the Olympic Theatre and demanded an interview with the manageress. Brereton

is a youthful critic, more or less associated in business with Scott, and both he and Scott have (so they say) from time to time been foully and persistently libelled by Moore in various papers for which he writes. Anyhow Scott and Brereton interviewed Miss Hewitt, as above stated, and demanded to know if one Moore was employed by her as acting manager, and, if so, whether she was aware that the man in question was in the habit of foully and persistently, etc., etc. Miss Hewitt admitted the soft impeachment as to employment, but disclaimed all knowledge of the foul and persistent, etc., etc. At the request of Messrs. Scott and Brereton, "one Moore" was then produced, and much wordy warfare then ensued. Moore's version of the affair is that Scott and Brereton said to him in the presence of Miss Hewitt: "Did you write so-and-so-and-so?" To which Moore declined to make an answer, aye or no. Whereupon Scott and Brereton demanded of Miss Hewitt Moore's instant dismissal, failing which they swore that never again would they set foot within the Olympic Theatre—an announcement which, made on the eve of the production of her new piece, was (so far, at all events, as concerned Mr. Scott), received by Miss Hewitt with something like horror. The result was that she there and then discharged Mr. Moore, giving him a fortnight's salary in lieu of notice. It must be borne in mind that this is Moore's version of the story, and that Scott has up to now made no sign. Moore has commenced proceedings against Scott and Brereton, and claims £3,000 damages. This is as far as things have got at present, and it will be admitted, I think, (as I set out by saying) that the quarrel is a very pretty one so far as it has got.

The only novelty which has been produced since my last is a comic opera called *The Punchbowl*, and there wasn't much novelty in that. This was written by a Mr. T. Murray Ford, and set to music by John Storer, M. D., which for the purposes of this notice means Doctor of Music. The doctor's music proved effective both in melody and orchestration, but it is not likely to be profitable to its composer until it is wedded to a better book—a considerably better book. There wasn't much reason for the title; indeed the entire libretto gave but little reason for its existence at all, except perhaps to afford another proof of the yearning latter-day librettists evince for imitating W. S. Gilbert, a task which, as certain of your own playwrights have found, is a good deal harder than it looks.

In *The Punchbowl* (which was originally to have been called *Invisibility*) there was a doddering old Grand Duke, or something of the sort, who longed to become invisible, and so a pair of young lovers conspire with other courtiers to make the dodderer drink something out of his punchbowl and to believe he is straightway invisible. Out of this arise many complications which might have been made comic under better treatment from the author and the company. The only people who really scored were Messrs. James Leverett and Charles Conyers, and Miss Emmie Graham, who lately understudied Madame Favart for Florence St. John.

It may interest Americans to know that Emma Nowson, the original Josephine in *Pinafore*, is in our mighty Metropolis, Jubilizing on a visit to her brother, Charles E. Nowson, who fulfils certain important functions under Irving at the Lyceum.

Your natives may also like to be reminded that Mrs. James Brown Potter's second important attempt before a critical London audience is booked for the Gaiety on Monday, when she will appear as Faustine de Bressier in *Civil War*, which Herman Merivale has adapted from Delpi's *Mademoiselle de Bressier*. The piece is to have a trial-trip on Saturday at Brighton. May I be there to see.

Another play which is to be tried on Monday is *Constance Frere*, which will figure at a Vaudeville matinee to be given by Alice Yorke, an actress of some provincial renown. The other new plays next week include your Mr. Richard Davey's version of Hugo's *Marion de Lorme* at the Princess' on Tuesday afternoon, and a drama called *Dawn* at the Vaudeville Thursday afternoon. Burnand's adaptation of *La Doctoresse* is due at the Globe next Saturday night, and on the following Saturday Held by the Enemy is to be shifted from the Princess to the Vaudeville for a time. John Hollingshead is to be testimonialized. Surely the time has arrived for something of the sort to be done to

Politeness in the Box-Office.

In the arrangement and control of an establishment the financial success of which depends wholly and entirely on the entertainment and pleasure of that great, glittering, unsettled and fickle mass, the public, it is strange too little attention is bestowed on the manner in which patrons are treated. This is especially the case with the theatres of a large city. Too frequently managers, who are themselves the very acme of politeness, bestow but little thought upon the conduct and deportment of those whom they place in their box-offices and on whose politeness, civility and urbanity the good fortune of the house in no little way depends. It is the same in many cases with

the managers of travelling combinations. While they themselves have risen to their positions by tact and the exercise of a natural *bonhomie* that has made for them no end of friends, it is too often the case that the well-being and success of their enterprises is being undermined by some surly and ill-humored underlings who reserve all their good manners and their smiles for their managers and their female friends.

Two cases in point came strongly before the writer in which both phases of the subject matter can be illustrated—the one dealing with one of the best paying of the city theatres—the other an ancient travelling organization even now not far distant from this city. The manager of the city theatre is respected universally for his cleverness, his natural good breeding, and his invariably good humor. Seldom out of sorts, he has always a smile for his friends and a soft word for bores. The writer has never seen him in bad humor, and his company and employees respect and revere him. Yet for over a year this gentleman had about him as a factotum, errand-boy and general assistant, a young man of twenty who was the very personification of ill humor, bad manners and rudeness. He spoke apparently from the very depths of his internal system, and then as little and as impudently as possible. His smiles were invariably reserved for his female acquaintances, and his frowns for all those who were unfortunate enough to be compelled to have to see him before an audience could be had with his employer. He was universally disliked by everyone who had any dealings with him; yet his real manners were so well concealed before the manager that he held his position for quite a while. His ultimate discharge gave considerable satisfaction. At one time it is said that he endeavored to work his way into the box-office. Had he done so it is safe to predict that the receipts of the house would have fallen very perceptibly.

The second case in point—that of a young man of about the same age as the other, connected with a travelling organization. The manager of this company bears the distinguishing traits of a gentleman, as easily and as naturally as any Admirable Crichton of our time. A smile sets as naturally on his features as his dress suit does on his well-shaped figure. But he, too, is burdened with an underling, all of whose politeness and manners would go into a thimble without spilling over—a young man whose female friends are the happy recipients of most of his smiles, while the public are treated to his scorn, and those who are thrown into his contact, in a business way, to his utter and complete contempt.

It is a matter worthy of reflection that both of the cases spoken of are young. If they were older it is safe to predict that more manners and politeness would have fallen to their share. Without experience, knowledge or a few of the raps of misfortune which in no other profession will they get sooner or harder, it is little wonder that their effervescence is so marked and noticeable. A few more years—a few more seasons of hard work—one or two dismal failures—and they will return to their senses and come down from the lofty flights into which success has "boosted" them. Youth will have its fling, in spite of the fact that patrons grumble or the manager's friends complain, or the receipts diminish.

But if youth is in some cases indiscreet, it can not always be charged with indifference or impoliteness. There are any number of cases that could be mentioned of boys and young men connected with New York's theatres whose natural manners show good breeding and culture—who are civil and polite not because they have to be, but because it is their natural habit—who know how to act and who always have a smile and a cheery word for everyone in spite of the trials of the box-offices and the inroads of the many bores and nuisances which every metropolitan theatre has to contend with. And to these all honor. If they keep on they will advance in their profession much more rapidly than their surly brethren, for in no other line or calling is such a big premium paid on politeness.

In the Wilds of Maine.

SEBOL FARM,
30 MILES N. W. OF PATTEN,
PENOBSCOT CO., ME., JUNE 24, 1887.
[By special back-board to THE MIRROR.]

On Saturday, June 19, at precisely 5:30 P. M., the bad ship *Francia* swung out from Pier 38, East River, having on board as passengers Clay M. Greene, Esq., Percy Leach (Dr. Robertson's valet, and Yours Truly, bound via Portland for this charming oasis in the wilderness of Northern Maine. We stood off Blackwell's Island, nodding along at a snail's pace, just at the hour when those floating palaces, *Provident*, *Narragansett* and *Massachusetts*, were passing on to points East, and it was an amusing as well as beautiful sight to watch them snub us, as did, in fact, everything in our way, including schooners, during the voyage. I never saw such an old tub. Snub us! yes, and set us tossing with vexation in the long rollers from their huge paddle-wheels and, leaving us in the seething foam of their wrathful wakes, vanish in the sunset up the Sound. On one side lay the heated Metropolis, with its multitudes flushed and tainting in the fierce race for wealth; on the other, the insane asylums, with their hundreds of mad minds—"haunted palaces" in which

That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old-time entombment.

There was scarcely a ripple on the river, but the motion of the steamer was enough to allow a breeze sufficiently cooling to atone for the sad way in which we drowned on. There was a tame monkey on board (the third mate). He was a festive cuss, and Clay and I proceeded to monkey with him forthwith. We gave him a couple of cakes of tolu chewing gum, which he swallowed. Then we gave him two adult compound cathartic pills to assist digestion, and it was as good as a circus to watch the expressions that suffused his phiz. He was the epitome of Pat Rooney when he sings about Monday morning and a certain mysterious fifteen dollars. We laughed at his grins

and gleeful gyrations until seven bells, when we made a brave bolt for the supper-table. And eat! Shade of Tom Morris! we never made such exhibitions of ourselves in our lives. I was about to send my plate aft for a third act of shad, when Clay nudged me with "Cheese it, Geoff, the steward's on to you. He'll just about nail you for two suppers if you don't quit!" I refrained, consoling myself by recalling the advice of the old lady (that same old lady who said so many things), to wit: "If you want to be healthy, always leave the table hungry." I followed her advice to the letter throughout the voyage. Clay, let me say, parenthetically, when he gave me the timely admonition, was, in a modest, conservative manner, stowing away more than his seventy-five cents' worth. He promised to give me a sketch of the monkey. I suggested he might make a sketch of our appetites.

The next morning, after a delightful night's rest in stateroom U, where things were away up in G, we went on deck at an early hour. But the monkey was not to be seen—he was probably indisposed. I guess the pills knocked him out, and he was courting the seclusion "that the cabin grants" and wondering what the hot waves were saying. Our appetites were still with us, and at noon we landed at Martha's Vineyard and were plucking some wild flowers from a vacant lot to give to a baby on board (only fifteen months old), when an old wisacre hailed us with the following: "My friends, do you know we live on grass here? We eat grass, we drink grass, we clothe ourselves with the money the grass brings, we must mow grass to live, and when you trample it down you rob us!" These were his words verbatim. I memorized them purposely. I came near muttering something about all flesh being grass, and some of it rank and interspersed with stink-weed; but as we wanted the flowers for the child, who had been seasick and was fretful, the old jay escaped without being sat upon.

The little toddling was tickled to death—gave daises and violets to every one on board, and insisted on their smelling of them, and the flowers that were begrudged us shed a flood of sunshine abroad that made glad the hearts of all. To look at the little fellow admiring them and laughing, and then to think of that old Horsford's Acid Phosphate and his kicking about our trampling down his grass! To be sure, Clay and myself sling the average hoof, but our "gondolas" combined couldn't have done enough harm to warrant such an interference. But a Yank is a Yank, and in closeness the Jews can't compare with him. There are fewer Jews in New England than in any other part of America, and I now know why—among the Yankees they would starve to death.

But to Hecuba. Monday at 11:30 A. M. we entered the beautiful harbor of Portland. Dr. Robertson arrived by train at twelve, and we took the one o'clock local for Mattawamkeag—with the accent on the *wam*—which we reached at 10:30 P. M., having passed on the way Fort Halifax, an old historical fortification, bullet-scarred in 1754. Joe Manly, Blaine's lieutenant, boarded the train at Augusta and went with us as far as Bangor. After a good night's rest at Mattawamkeag we mounted the stage-coach for Patten, thirty-five miles away, and soon made the acquaintance of Ike Jones, the driver, gray and sun-burned, with the customary category of chestnuts. A few hours' ride over the green hills and through the peaceful valleys dotted with white houses brought us to Molunkus. Here we ate a hearty dinner and changed horses, and had gone a few miles down the road when the driver espied and called our attention to a hedgehog crossing the road about forty yards in front of the horses' heads. The horses came to standstill, and Clay jumped down, revolver in hand, fired several shots and, wounding him, drove the brute into the bushes. Then the doctor had to have a crack at him. Between the two they fired ten shots into his carcass when—he died from lead-poisoning, so the doctor said; but judging from the expression on his face before he gave up the ghost, which was truly Desolatean, I am inclined to believe he died from disgust and disappointment at the inefficacy of bullets. I suggested to the doctor that the next time he desired to put an animal out of misery, he resort to a hyperdermic injection of morphine.

Just in time for supper we drew up at the hotel at Patten, covered with dust and hungry as wolves. A notice in the office struck me as odd: "Men with calks in their boots will be charged extra." But a glance at the pitted floor explained it. It was covered with spikes, like so many fly-specks, made by the spikes in loggers' shoes. These loggers throng the place in hundreds and wear out a flooring every year.

We left Patten at 7 the next morning in a dead axle wagon (so called from its having no springs) and began the most intensely romantic and tough experience that we have ever known—a ride of twenty-two miles to Sebols Farm, through seeming interminable and dense forest—so dense in some places we were obliged to bend over to keep the foliage out of our faces. Oh, for the pen-power of a Nym Crinkle to paint it or the forensic fervor of a Mackaye to relate it! The ride occupied ten hours. The road was simply no road at all, merely a trail through the trees; the rocks lie where Nature placed them, and over them we bounded and jolted until our backs fairly ached. The road resembled the bed of a winding mountain stream whose waters were gone and the rocks alone remained to tell the story. And well they told it, with emphatic stresses and thumps at every step. We sang songs and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, never once losing our tempers, though it rained steadily half the way.

At Sibley's, eleven miles from Patten (a log-house on the bank of Shinn Pond, with snow-capped Mt. Katahdin in the distance) we ate dinner. After dinner Clay (our special artist) made a couple of sketches. At nightfall we emerged from the woods and sighted a clearing of about 400 acres under cultivation (Sebols Farm) and a homely but cheery-looking structure, the house of Ira F. Cooper (our host) and our home during our stay.

"Hello! Well, you've got here at last, eh? We're a rough set of fellows, but we'll do our best to make you comfortable!" were Mr. Cooper's words as we alighted. He led us into the house, where a warm fire welcomed us. Mr. Cooper is a gentleman of the old school. Yesterday he got us out bright and early and guided us to a trout stream a mile through the woods, where, inside of a half hour, Clay and the doctor caught twenty pounds of trout, some of which we had for dinner. We felled trees and made a raft, using bark for a flooring, which we christened the *Diagnosis*. Our awful day's travelling had

not lamed us enough to prevent our enjoying sport within twelve hours of our arrival. Clay says it is the greatest place for fishing he ever struck. The air is fine and exhilarating—there is no malaria. We are happy as kings, as brown as berries, and the rest of the world can go to—Hoboken every Sunday.

GEOFFREY HAWLEY.

Stage Jewellery.

There are but few things connected with the stage in which so great a progress has been made within the past fifty years than in the manufacture of stage jewels (except perhaps scenery and property armor). Half a century ago stage tinsel was a reality. Kings and princes, queens and princesses, strutted the stage resplendent in spangles—little bits of shining lacquered metal sewed on their clothes. "Diamonds" were generally of impossible size, and of common glass. The steady growth of "realism," the steadier growth of unbridled extravagance, and the still more rapid development of brilliant lighting apparatus, has relegated the tinsel coronet and the spangled tunic to the shades of departed "props" or the hall of the dime museum. Often—we had well nigh said too often—those ladies of the stage whose principal introduction to it has been an imprudent elopement or an astute breach-of-promise action, appear in real jewelry, and the enormous salaries of the divas of the operatic stage enables them to do the like. The ordinary actor, however, is compelled to make a brave show at moderate expense, and in such a way as to bear inspection under the all-searching calcium or electric light. In the more important pieces, such as a crown, a collar or a girdle, the extended knowledge of the public calls for historical correctness; hence the manufacture of stage jewelry has become a branch of the art which differs, principally, from the best workmanship only in the nature of the materials used. Thus, when Bernhard's beautiful diadem for Theodora and the equally beautiful crown and ear-pendants of the Emperor Justinian, in the same play, were designed by the stage jewelers of the Paris Grand Opera House, the idea and the details were obtained from old Byzantine mosaics and frescoes.

When Saint-Saens' opera of Henry VIII. was produced, the same artists (jewelers are entitled to be called artists, frequently of a high order) copied the crown fronts for the characters of Katharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn from the contemporary portraits by Hans Holbein. The crown of Princess Elizabeth worn by Mme. Michel, and now in Modjeska's possession, a very fine specimen, is said to be a copy of the true crown in the English regalia at the Tower of London. Scores of similar instances might be adduced to show how the spread of education and the realistic tendency of public taste has affected this branch of stage equipment. The scientific improvements in the art of glassmaking, and the discovery, or, rather, appreciation of the high refractory power of "paste"—that is, glass containing a large percentage of lead, say in the neighborhood of fifty per cent.—has enabled imitation gems to be produced whose refraction of light is in all respects equal to the diamond. Indeed the diamond can be out-lustered. Then the practical application of the cheap and abundant metals, nickel and aluminum, to the production of easily-worked bronzes, undistinguishable by mere inspection from gold and silver, places it in the jeweler's power to rival the most gorgeous gems at prices little more than the cost of his labor and the fee for his taste, though it may be against the art canons of Ruskin to produce what he would cavil at as "shams."

Recently, when Helen Dauvray was playing *The Love Chase*, one of her company employed Ernest Ebil to make a jeweled snuff-box of last century style, and wanted it for the following night's performance. The initial step was to make a box quickly. This problem was solved by the purchase of a quarter's worth of cough-drops at the drug-store in an oval tin-box with a hinged lid. This was immediately bronzed as lead or "mat" gold. Round the edge was placed, with soft solder, a rim of "paste" diamonds. Then a design was drawn for a cross, the arms of which were pear-shaped, for the centre of the top, and which was to be composed of paste rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The art of this design was the brilliant, natural yet crude color contrast of the green and red. The difficulty was to make a just chromatic balance and reduce the crude contrast by the neutral white of the diamond. As this neutral white is really effected by the prisms of the diamond refracting multitudinous points of rainbow color, it required much judgment to put just so much diamond as would soften without killing the positive color scheme of the other gems. Soft solder and the blow-pipe did the rest, and the result was a truly resplendent snuff-box fit for an Emperor's "sneeshin." The alchemy of talent, taste and patience by which the humble materials had been so transformed did high credit to the artist.

An amusing consequence of the perfection of imitation gems came within the experience of the late mad King of Bavaria, who had made for one of Wagner's operas a jeweled throne of such magnificence that after the performance he took it into use at one of his own palaces. It was in shape somewhat like a sofa, or divan, of gilt bronze set in imitation stones. Rising behind the seat was a peacock standing with outspread tail, rather larger than life, among a group of grasses and reeds of gilt bronze. The body of the peacock was in blue enamel and the tail of twenty-five feathers composed of small diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topaz and other stones artfully blended in color, and a large sapphire for the eye of the feather. At each side of the throne stood other similar peacocks, life-size. "The glittering bauble tempted envious mortals' sense of greed." After the royal madman had pressed his weight upon this princely couch for about a year, some thieves managed to secrete themselves in the palace, and, supposing the seventy-five great sapphires to be real, did a hard night's work in punching them all out of their sockets, and got away with them. One can imagine that when they went with their booty to trade with the local "Mr. Fagin" and found that they had stolen glass, the expulsive richness of the German language was developed enough to raise the hair of Schiller's ghost.

S. C.

The Actress' Corner.



Did anyone ever see a woman, however pretty the Lord had made her, look well in a big-figured gown, no matter what dressmaker made it? I never did. I remember, some years ago, McCreery had a magnificent fabric in his store that was simply stunning, hung up in the window. It was of a lovely, tender, pine-knot smoke color, and the material was the richest satin-faced silk. Scattered with not too bounteous a hand upon its surface were life-size pearls of the Duchesse d'Angouleme variety. There might be a peck of 'em to a dress. That most beautiful of women, Adelaide Neilson, tempted fate and bought a frock of it. Mme. Somebody made it up. There was one solid pear on her back, and two whole ones and several sections in the front of the corsage; and it was the most unbecoming dress she ever put on. "It's the hideous big figures and the brightness of the fruit," said she. "I never did see a woman anything but a fright in big, showy figured dress-goods."

Some inexperienced manufacturers of satines this year put on the market a series of furniture patch designs; there were Watteau subjects and mythological prints. I was with a friend when she made a selection. Her taste rather leaned to Venus on a green bank with Cupid, bow, arrow and the rest of his little business hanging over her shoulders, while Vulcan, made up like Jack Studley's Ingomar, blew a red fire with a blue bellows, and Mars, in all the trappings of war, looked at his ammunition in a yellow chariot with purple wheels. I remonstrated, and pointed out how that naked little beggar would cut up and look, made into a waist. "You'll be a butcher-shop and done with it," said I; "cutlets, joints and rump pieces laid out all over you." So we decided upon a cerulean blue ground with fleecy clouds and groups of pastoral people dancing on bits of green, shepherds and their crooks and lasses in tuck-ups and flower-crowned hats. True, there were dreadful amputations to be made; legs stuck on from side seams in most unseemly manner; but they had modest green trousers and red stockings on them. In one instance the side bias took all the body off a girl and left just a floating head, like the decapitated lady act.

My friend had a parasol made of the stuff, and a pastoral hat to match, and in the completed costume she went to the races. There wasn't a horse on the track warranted as fast as the colors on that satine, and there wasn't a horse entered that proved half as fleet as the hues on my poor friend's dress. They didn't flee—they flew. The greens went first in the sun; the shepherds danced under leafless boughs during the first heat. Then someone whispered to the unhappy girl that the shepherds were dancing on her parasol without their trousers. She folded it instantly.

Any lady believing in Watteau cretonne figured satine should have seen that suit as it came home. Not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf on the trees, not a rag on the shepherds and shepherdesses but stockings and bodices. You see the reds stuck it out, and the browns held their own; and didn't she give it to me. "Frou-Frou, you wretch, if I'd started out with Cupid in undress uniform, I would have been all right. People stand that sort of thing in mythology. You don't expect a dress-suit on Apollo nor trousers on Cupid; but shepherds dressed in stockings and crooks no one can tolerate."

So I am in disgrace as a complete guide to propriety in dress.

One of the prettiest things in screens I think I ever saw Mrs. Nunnemacher (who was the actress Lizzie Webster) made this Spring. She had a frame of bamboo with a standard made. It was about four feet square, and stretched upon it was a sheet of pale-blue plush. Then she cut the flowers and figures from all her Christmas and birthday cards and sewed them on, higgledy-piggledy, with radiating stitches of gold thread. It was very handsome, and is a charming foil for a folding screen she made last winter of four panels of plate-glass on which are painted beautiful designs of flowers. The flowers are painted on the one side, while the other has a black Japan varnish which backs the flowers, except in little oval openings through which peep the faces of her favorite female friends. The four panels are framed in ebony and fastened together with hinges. Every lady can't paint, but every lady can cut out the pretty things on cards and sew them on to plush. So Mrs. Nunnemacher's handsome bamboo screen can be imitated.

One of the newest and prettiest wrinkles in gloves (I don't mean the Bernhardt horror—all wrinkles) is the glove made of French grey kid with all the gores between the fingers of black kid and heavy black stitching on the backs. They are very dressy and have the effect of making the hand slender.

The most economical glove for a shallow purse is an undressed kid of French grey. It will clean and clean till there's hardly room for the dye-house figures to be put inside, and always look fresh and new for one wear at least. It's a notorious fact that a cleaned glove will only survive a little service—it's like a reformation of most all kinds, rather transient. Still, a glove that you can wear half a dozen times, paying ten cents a time, is not a bad friend to make, and treats you about as well as the \$2 pair which when used up is used up.

I saw a couple of costumes from the establishment of Pingat, in Paris, the other day, and suppose they are fair examples of the approaching Fall styles. They are desperately narrow at the bottoms of the skirt and admit of nothing more extensive than the solemn nipping little walk. No long steps in those circumscribed quarters. The top of the skirt must be wider than the bottom, for the narrow plaiting about the lower edge could never be dragged together over the bustle. They both had wicked bustles—bustles made of steels run in and silk bags of hair jammed in under the steel. No chair seat of ordinary depth would hold that bouffantness and a comfortable amount of wearer. The stick-out would occupy the whole thing and leave only the edge of the seat for the female to perch upon, like a hen on the roost.

The sleeves were puffed at the top, and had either cords of fine wire that kept them up. There were revers, double ones, that extended to the extreme point of the shoulder, and were provided with small steels that kept them stiffly braced in place. Oh, we are going to be mechanically constructed!

The materials of one robe were black velvet and soft cream-white figured silk; the other was of plain crimson foulard, with oceans of black chintilly lace, about three inches wide, plaited as thickly as for a ruching, and mixed in with it were thousands of those little South Sea beans (bright red with black dot on one side). These were perforated and suspended on a silken black cord for fringe.

Frou-Frou.

Gossip of the Town.

Estelle Clayton and Isabel Evesson are summering at Tarrytown.

Henry E. Abbey will probably return from abroad about the middle of August.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will sail from Southampton for America on Oct. 20.

M. W. Tobin, manager of Lillian Olcott, will spend the Summer at his home, Jackson, Mich.

Rice and Dixey have purchased the comedy of Circus in Town from Ed. Holst, the author. John A. Mackey will star in it.

Gustave Amberg, manager of the Thalia Theatre, sailed for Europe on Saturday last. He will return late in September.

By a recent test made at the Casino it was discovered that the difference in the temperature of the street and the roof-garden was fifteen degrees.

Howard P. Taylor's Snowflake will be produced in grand spectacular style under the management of Hayden, Dickson and Roberts at Niblo's Garden on Nov. 24.

Richard Mansfield's new comedy, to be produced at the Madison Square Theatre next Monday night, is entitled Monsieur. It is in three acts and was written by Mr. Mansfield in three days.

Manager O. B. Sheppard, of Toronto, and J. W. Herbert, the comedian, have entered into a contract by which the latter comes under the management of Mr. Sheppard on Sept. 1, 1888, for a period of five years. Mr. Herbert will star.

Herrmann has gone under the management of Hayden, Dickson and Roberts. By the way, Herrmann was squeezed to the tune of a thousand dollars in the Madison Square Pinaflore fiasco, and all his conjuring will not bring the money back.

Frank L. Murray has been released by Charles L. Andrews, manager of Michael Strogoff, to go in advance of Helen Dauvray. Mr. Andrews was loth to part with Mr. Murray, but would not stand in the way of his advancement, and they part with the best wishes for each other. Mr. Murray is a journalist of many years' experience, and Manager Hayden has secured a valuable aid.

Manager Byron Douglas is slowly getting together a strong company for the road tour of The Dominie's Daughter, which opens at the People's Theatre on August 29. Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Newark and Philadelphia will be the September stands. This will be the only play with a Revolutionary-redcoat plot that will be seen on tour next season.

Benj. Maginley opens his Inshavogue season at Hoboken in August. Lillian Billings, who is recovering from a sprained ankle, is re-engaged as leading lady. A number of specialty people have been engaged, including Mr. and Mrs. Bryan O'Lynn, who made quite a hit during the Spring tour, and a vocal quartette. Mr. Maginley, by the way, is very much pleased with the recent trial tour of Inshavogue.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

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First-class Attractions Wanted. Play not more than one attraction a week. Good show town. Seating capacity 1,000. Population proper, 8,000; radius of 1/2 miles, 20,000. House now being refitted in fresco and entire new scenery and steam heat.
ATTENTION WANTED FOR GRAND OPENING IN SEPTEMBER.
Address THEO. F. BARRON, Manager.

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SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Seating capacity 1,500. Population 10,000. New Brighton 6,000, connected by street railway. Playing one date per week only. Stage 32x50. Complete scenery. Now booking for season 1887-88. See attractions only.
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Now booking first-class attractions for seasons 1887-88. Special attractions wanted for weeks of Sept. 13 and Dec. 26. For time and terms address
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NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Seating 400.
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Seating 500 on ground floor. BARRITT & HEFFERN.
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Is open for engagements for 1887-88. The fittings and furniture new and complete. Capacity, 350 seating. Population, 2,500. First-class entertainments well patronized. Will rent or share with first-class companies. F. W. PETTY, Proprietor.

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Seating 500. Share or rent. JOHN HENRY, Manager.

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Seating 1,200. Chain. Scenery full and complete, have Piano. Will rent or share. Stage, 32x50. HATZFELDT AND HORNER.

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HOWARD OPERA HOUSE.
FERGUSON & MERITT, Lessees and Managers.
The only first-class Theatre in town. Full stock of scenery, folding opera chairs—everything complete.
NOW BOOKING FOR SEASON OF 1887-88.
WARNING—Managers desiring time will please address all communications in full as above, otherwise, by a recent ruling of the P. O. Department, all mail matter will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO. Woodward
Opera House. Complete scenery, opera chairs, seats 900. Now booking first-class attractions only for season 1887-88. Will rent or share. No ten-cent companies need apply.
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The entire play a phenomenal success.—*Troy Times*.
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American Managers.



HENRY GREENWALL.

In the Spring-time New York becomes the Mecca of the out-of-town managers. From then until Autumn tints the leaves the influx of managerial visitors makes the theatrical reports take on a liveliness that smacks of a stock exchange. Among the early comers is Henry Greenwall, whose name has become a theatrical power in Texas, where he has resided for nearly a quarter of a century. In latter-day theatricals Mr. Greenwall may be set down as a pioneer in the Southwest. In paving his way he has not avoided the sharp friction of competition. Holding the theatrical key to Texas through controlling its principal cities, he gives to patrons of the drama the best the market affords. In the past two or three seasons there has been a revolution in theatrical business in Texas. Manager Greenwall has been a moving factor in this revolution. The State has become coveted ground for the best attractions.

Henry Greenwall was born in New Orleans in 1838. His early life was spent in mercantile and banking business. It was in 1867 that he leased a frame theatre in Galveston, where he managed a stock company for two years, when the house fell a victim to the fire-fend. But the manager had come to Galveston to stay, and he immediately fitted up the old Turner Hall and finished the season, playing such stars as E. L. Davenport, Charles Fichter, Mrs. Rachel Macanay, M. W. Leffingwell, Robert McWade, Zavisowski Sisters and Dominick Murray. The season was carried through successfully in a house that only paid expenses when completely filled.

In February, 1872, Manager Greenwall opened the new theatre in Galveston now known as the Tremont Opera House. The New Orleans Varieties had just burned down, and this misfortune was his fortune. He opened with School for Scandal and Jennie Leatherings with the following strong stock: Visiting Bowers, A. H. Davenport, T. J. Hind, M. C. Daly, J. A. Barnes, Frank Evans, E. A. Kherie, Joseph Gobay, G. A. Mortimer, George Jordan, Jr., Augusta Dargon, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Mattie Maddern, Emma Cline, Annie Tyson, Frankie McClellan, Mrs. M. C. Daly and Kate Tyson. It was in '73 that Ed. Adams came to Texas, as he said, to find "out that he was an actor." Manager Greenwall ran his stock company until 1875, when the combination system came into vogue. Once or twice he gave up the house on account of increase in rent, to which he would not submit. Eventually the apple fell into his lap. Manager Greenwall pluckily fought for a footing in Galveston and gained it. Determined to secure the full confidence of theatre-goers he took big risks in the shape of casualties to leading attractions. Sometimes a loser, he was generally a winner. Now his days of "certainties" are over; he is enabled to pick out "winners" nine times in ten—that is, attractions must equally share the risks.

During the last two seasons Manager Greenwall has played the greatest attractions in the country. Stars such as Texas had never known have played on the Greenwall circuit, to the delight of theatre patrons and the profit of all concerned. Space forbids an enumeration of the list, but it included Booth, Barrett, Patti, Robson and Crane, Mrs. Bowers, Clara Morris, Effie Ellsler, T. W. Keene, Lotta Pizley, Clara Louise Kellogg, James O'Neill—these but a few. Leading citizens of Texas, recognizing Manager Greenwall's enterprise, have given him liberal support.

Mr. Greenwall no longer confines his labors to Galveston. He has established the firm of Greenwall and Son, taking the later into equal partnership, and giving him full charge of the house in Galveston. The young man conducted it successfully last season. The senior gives most of his attention to the theatre in Dallas. They exclusively manage the theatres in Galveston, Houston and Dallas, and also represent the new \$60,000 opera house in Fort Smith, Ark., and the principal theatres in Little Rock, Hot Springs, Texarkana, San Antonio, Austin, Brenham, Fort Worth, Waco, Sherman, McKinney, Denison, Temple, Beaumont, Paris, Lake Charles, Tyler, Palestine, Shreveport and Marshall. Mr. Greenwall is trying to secure a leading theatre in New Orleans. Should he succeed in his ambition he will make that city his headquarters, and make it the focus of a great circuit. New opera houses, or theatres, are springing up all over Texas and the Southwest—the result of the boom that Manager Greenwall has of recent years given to that region. The people have been educated up to an appreciation of the very best in the dramatic line. Prices are

no object so long as the attraction pleases. Ten dollars were paid for Patti seats, and there was a premium on these. Booth prices were \$3 and \$5, and the premium reached \$12.50. In the past ten or twelve years the theatrical plant in Texas has increased 400 per cent. Some would say this is a low estimate. There are now ten two-night stands in the State, and the best attractions can play from four to six weeks without losing a night.

In appearance Manager Greenwall is a wiry, active, well-preserved man of fifty, bearing himself with the jaunty air of a man half that age. He is of swarthy complexion, with coal-black hair—in most respects a typical Southerner. A smile generally ripples on his face, chasing from his keen eyes to the corners of his mouth—except when he is bent on business, when seriousness throws a shadow over the man, and he settles down to work, calm and imperturbable. Manager Greenwall has the reputation of driving the quickest of bargains, and of signing a contract while other managers are vaguely scanning the preliminaries.

Professional Doings.

—Pay Templeton is spending the Summer at Long Beach.
—Tillie Shields has been re-engaged for Patti Rosa's company.
—Lizzie Evans opens her season at Havlin's Theatre in Cincinnati.
—Kather Lyons will begin her season August 1 at Hillsboro, O.
—Harris' Museum in Cincinnati closes an extended season on July 9.
—Floy Crowell has engaged Frank O. Irson as leading man for next season.
—Lawrence Barrett has just organized the Cohasset Yacht Club at Cohasset.
—Julius Kahn has been engaged by Harry Miner to represent certain of his interests.
—James Ryan has been engaged as advance agent of the Adams company.
—Edward Harrigan opens the season at the New Park Theatre with a new play.
—The Daily News remarks that Perspiration is having the greatest run of the Summer.

—Minnie Madden is negotiating for a new play from the pen of Mrs. E. H. Henderson.
—George O. Morris arrived in town from Chicago on Tuesday, accompanied by J. W. Ryder.
—Charles A. Haslam has been engaged by Harry Miner as manager of the Golden Giant company.
—Julius Kahn has been re-engaged as acting manager for The Streets of New York.
—There are three weeks of open time at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, beginning August 3.
—Vernor Clarges, late with Rose Coghlan, has been engaged for Clara Morris' support.
—A son of the late John E. McDermogh is a member of Harry Miner's extensive business staff.
—Mattie Earle has been engaged to play leading roles in support of Robert L. Downing.
—Marion Kinross, Fritz Williams and Julia Stuart have been engaged for Dion Boucicault's support.
—The Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, was closed on Monday night, owing to the illness of Mrs. Langtry.
—James A. Harns has shaved his Moustache Men indefinitely. He will stick to Hearts of Oak for the present.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed and John T. Kelly, the Irish comedians, are spending the Summer at Anbury Park.
—The Kralffy Brothers are hot foot after unauthorized productions of their spectacular drama, The Black Crook.
—Katherine Walsh has been re-engaged as leading lady for the Charles Erie Verser Shamus O'Brien combination.
—Time is being rapidly booked in the best theatres for John F. Ward in The Doctor. No cheap houses will be played.
—Charles W. Stanley, late of Atholton's Comedy company, is a guest at the Hotel Bradley, Atlantic City.
—Willard Lee has been engaged as leading support to Julia Anderson. He will summer in the Alleghenies.
—Harry and John Kernell will produce their new comedy, Two Vice Decks, at Tony Pastor's Theatre on July 15.
—Marion A. Erie has been engaged for Nat Goodwin's company, which opens its season at St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 20.
—Daniel Frohman returned to the city and his duties at the Lyceum on Sunday, after a week's yachting off New Bedford, Mass.

—Dennis Thompson backed Troobador heavily in last Thursday's races at Monmouth Park, and is reported to have won \$5,500.
—George Parker has been engaged to play Venus in The Rag Baby, which opens the season at Bay City, Mich., on August 27.
—John Sotera has purchased from Edward M. Brown of the New York Yacht Club, for \$30,000 the steam-yacht *Fadama*.

—The handsome new Hennepin Avenue Theatre, Minneapolis, will be opened by the Booth-Barrett company on Sept. 19.

—Lizzie Evans, and not Jennie Yeamans, will open the new Grand Opera House, Fort Smith, Ark. The opening takes place on Oct. 10.

—Soman and Landis, the Chicago scenic artists, are painting new scenery for a baker's dozen of new theatres throughout the country.

—Winifred Sweet, John Buckley and W. J. Johnston, late of Fred Ward's company, have been engaged to support Louise Pomeroy.

—Harry W. Sewell has been re-engaged as business manager of Mrs. D. F. Bowers, while Joseph Goodhorn has been retained as treasurer.

—Jennie Bonstelle, well known through New York as a dramatic prodigy, will star next season in the musical comedy, *The Little Heliom*.

—Jennie Williams will probably take out a company and star in Our Boarding-House for a five weeks Summer tour, opening on the Ocean circuit in August.

—Kate Claxton's scenery for Sea of Ice, Arrah-n-Pogue, Called Back and other plays is for sale at a sacrifice. Spencer Coe, at the Elks' Club, is her agent.

—Louis Hendricks has been engaged by Robert Downing to take the part of the Fighting Gaul in *The Gladiator*, played last season by William H. Hudson.

—Les Quatres Havanas, a family of French musicians, have been engaged for Sweetman, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels. They play upon a large number of instruments.

—George O. Morris, manager of the Standard Theatre, Chicago, has booked Patti Rosa, Jennie Yeamans, Pat Rooney, Skipped by the Light of the Moon, Kellar and Kara Kendall.

—J. L. Mason has been engaged for Winnetta's Passion's Slave company. Layman, "the man of many faces," has been engaged for the same manager's European Novelty company.

—Daisy Temple, W. H. Sheldon and M. Cavanagh have been engaged by Joseph Arthur for the production of his play, *The Still Alarm*, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 30.

—Flit Raymond, who is staging in comic opera at Schneider's Garden, St. Louis, is receiving flattering notices from the local critics for her work. Her first performance in *The Grand Duchess* has been especially praised as a bit of irresistible comedy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dan McCarthy (Kitty Coleman) are preparing to star in their own play, *True Irish Hearts*, and therefore their engagement with M. Masinley's Inhabovogue company is off. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy were a prominent feature in *The Ivy Leaf*.

—Among the distinguished people who saw Erminie during the past week were General W. T. Sherman, Senator John Sherman, Governor Fitz-Randolph, and Governor Newell, of New Jersey, all of whom occupied boxes specially decorated in their honor.

John Whiteley, Katie Putnam's manager, is a recent arrival in the city. Miss Putnam will return to this country about the middle of August. Her season opens on Oct. 6. She will play only her success of last season, *Erma the Elf*. Matt. L. Berry is engaged for advance work.

—Sam Sotera returned to the city from London on Sunday with three trunks full of plays and other papers which the elder Sotera left to his son. Some of these plays will unquestionably be done next Spring at the Lyceum. The plays represent a large sum of money invested by the late comedian.

—In the entertainment presented next season by Sweetman, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels there will be a new departure in the direction of what Manager Foote calls "spectacular minstrelsy." It will comprise scenic and mechanical effects, some of which have been patented, and a quantity of odd and entirely new acts.

C. F. Kendall, owner of the Topoka (Kas.) Grand Opera House, and its manager, J. M. Barrow, have arrived in the city. Mr. Kendall is acquainting himself with the methods of conducting the theatrical business here in the East. Mr. Barrow is showing him around and extending his acquaintance. They will remain here all the month.

—"I closed the season of A Pair of Kids at Dock-stead with the Fourth of July night performance," said Kara F. Kendall to a Minnopolis reporter. "No money was lost on the engagement, and the first weeks showed quite a little profit. It was useless, however, to try and fight against hot July nights."

—The Grand Opera House, New Orleans, is for rent from May 1, next. Sealed proposals will be received until Nov. 1. H. W. Fairchild, Secretary of the La Varitit Association, has the matter in charge. The theatre is in excellent condition, improvements, including new and modern seats in the orchestra and circle, at their own expense.

—The rights to Clito for this country have been purchased by Kate Forsyth from Wilson Barrett. Henry French is about to produce it. The play is a tragedy for four weeks at the Baldwin Theatre in September. The piece will be put on with spectacular effects under the direction of Ben Teale, with Eben Plympton in the leading male role.

—Raymond Campbell is reported to be improving rapidly at the Middlebury Asylum. His recovery is so rapid that he will be able to leave the hospital on the 1st of July, and states that he is looking well, appears happy and is anxious to get away. He imagines he is writing a new play, but asked cautiously about his business matters.

Howard P. Taylor's new comedy for Maggie Mitchell is completed and in the hands of the lady. It is in five acts and is called *The Little Sinner*. It is a play of New England life. Miss Mitchell will produce it at the opening of her season. The star part is played by a harpist, a woman, who, with all her follies, is a good girl at heart. A strong love-story runs through the comedy.

—The company supporting Charles T. Ellis the coming season, under the management of F. F. Proctor, has been in the balcony. The company is a successful one of the young star in Casper the Yodler. At his studio in Hartford Samuel Brooker has just completed two of the principal scenes. Charles A. Wing, who will be business manager, is enthusiastic over the printing, which is so varied in color as to vie with the rainbow.

—Daniel Frohman is busy booking *The Great Pink Pearl* in the large cities. He will do the play at the Lyceum and send it on tour with M. A. Kennedy and his company. The star part is played by a woman, who, with all her follies, is a good girl at heart. A strong love-story runs through the comedy.

—The following people have been engaged to support William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry in a Summer season in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, opening July 15. W. M. Fairbanks, J. H. Howland, J. S. Moffitt, Jr., E. B. Smith, Charles C. War, F. C. War, F. C. Walton, William Slater, Amelia Watts, Clara Douglas and Mattie Tillson. Frank Turrence is business manager and Frank Redmond treasurer.

—Arthur Rehan's company will open season about Sept. 5 with a repertoire including *Taming of the Shrew*, *Love in Harness* and *Nancy and Co.* and *Martha* has been engaged as business manager, and among the company already engaged are George Parkes, Harry Hatto, Owen Westcott, Charlotte Weidman and Lila Leigh. Two leading ladies prominent in the profession are being negotiated. The reason of thirty weeks has been booked almost entirely in week stands.

—A Great Wrong, in which J. B. Studley is preparing to star, is a dramatization of "His Natural Life," a novel from the pen of the late Mrs. Ann Clark of Australia. It thrillingly depicts the horrors of penal servitude. John A. Stevens dramatized the book, and if memory serves, first produced the play in San Francisco two or three years ago. It is being produced at No. 1200, later in the city, it is being produced at the People's Theatre in this city. A dramatization has been or is being prepared for the Australian stage.

—Although business continues excellent with Bristol's Equescurriculum, the season will close at Bath, Me., on July 9, and a needed rest of six or eight days is being taken. Bristol and Park have travelled far and worked hard, and will enjoy their well-earned rest; although they will not be idle all of the six weeks, as they will spend some of the time in getting up new features for their already popular Equescurriculum. The Equescurriculum has become a household word, but next season it will be seen in such improved shape that it will be more than a drawing-card—it will be worth seeing.

—At Tony Pastor's Theatre on Thursday night, Bijah Frisbie, H. Wayne Ellis' Vankee comedy, was a national cut-off. J. B. Brown, the leading man, refused to go on unless a half week's salary was paid him. Mr. Sanderson offered him one night's pay, but Brown's ginger was up, and he would have whole half or none. Manager Sanderson sadly rang down the curtain, refunded money, and dismissed the audience. There was a grim smile of triumph on Mr. Brown's countenance; but Mr. J. W. Jennings, who was starred as Frisbie, says he had no interest in the piece other than to do his utmost to make it a go and get a week's salary along with the rest.

—Jennie Kimball is likely to have a lawsuit with John J. Braham, who wrote some music for the burlesque *Arctida*. Miss Kimball bought the burlesque from William Gilt, the author, and then expended several thousand dollars in new scenery and costumes and in strengthening the company. Mr. Braham wrote music for the original production, and this is the bone of contention. Miss Kimball claims that the purchase money covered everything, music and all. Mr. Braham says the music belongs to him, and that he ought to be paid something for it. Miss Kimball's claim is supported by Messrs. Miles, Barton and Gilt, who say that Mr. Braham was simply the musical conductor of the original productions in New York and Boston, and did the work solely as an employee. Miss Kimball looks upon Braham as a threat to her position, and that the great success of *Arctida* at the Boston Museum made him envious, and he takes this means to raise a little money. Much of the original music has been substituted by that of Theodore Bendis, Miss Kimball's present leader. In the meantime Corinne and Arctida continue to crowd the Museum.

—Season 1887-8. DuBois Opera House. DU BOIS, PA.

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Hennepin Avenue Theatre and The Murray Opera House,

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ST. PAUL, MINN.,

Will Open on Sept. 19,

Will Open on Aug. 25.

Entire week, by BOOTH-BARRETT.

Applications for Time will now be considered.

POLICY OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hennepin Avenue Theatre and Murray Opera House will be strictly first-class houses, and will play only legitimate first-class attractions. If only ten weeks' time is filled this season the attractions shall be par excellence. No cheap or inferior stars or attractions will be played.

PRICES AND CAPACITY.

Both theatres will maintain the same scale of prices—viz: \$1.25, \$1.75, 25c., 50c., 75c., 1.00, and will hold at these figures \$900 and \$1,170, respectively, their capacity being as follows: Hennepin Avenue Theatre, 2,000; Murray Opera House, 2,500. At these figures and according to this scale, the management feel confident of reaching all classes of theatre-goers and establishing a clientele that will always give remunerative returns at the box office. These theatres are leased and controlled by SACKETT, WIGGINS & WOOD, who also own the controlling interest in the stock companies who built and are building these theatres. The investments represent \$300,000 outside of the ground upon which the theatres stand. Notwithstanding certain opposition and insinuations, the theatres are established facts, and no lengthy correspondence need be made by reputable managers for time. One letter, one telegram, is all that is necessary to decide contract.

The Hennepin Avenue Theatre will be personally managed by Mr. F. P. WEADON and the Murray Opera House by Mr. J. M. WOOD.

Mr. J. M. Wood, whose reputation is known as an eminent theatrical architect, has designed and is personally superintending the construction of the theatres, and being financially interested in these properties, is sparing no pains to make them gems.

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Approximately the theatre proper it has a frontage of seventy-five feet and built of Anderson red pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings, of chaste and airy architecture. The main entrance is the centre of the building, on the ground floor, and is thirty feet in width and thirty-five feet deep, finished in red f. work, red wood and Tennessee marble. Antique doors prevail throughout. The gallery entrances and balcony exit are right and left of this grand entrance. The entrance leads into a magnificent foyer, on the right and left of which, respectively, are music-rooms and parlors and a gentlemen's smoking-room. The foyer is decorated in the most elaborate manner possible; mirror doors and velvet curtains cutting off noise and drafts. The auditorium is seated with embossed leather chairs, and two feet eight inches has been allowed between rows, thus enabling the auditors to reach seats without disturbing other occupants. Open loges sweeping through the center of the house and six lower proscenium boxes complete the arrangement. The same number of upper proscenium boxes and loges are arranged in like manner in the balcony. The proscenium arch and sounding board is built of open iron and wood work and the architectural designs filled with cathedral glass jewels, backed by lights, the whole effect being, when the house is lighted, to present a jeweled frame. The stage is ample. The proscenium arch is thirty-seven feet high, thirty-four feet wide and is of brick and iron. From stage floor to gridiron the distance is sixty-eight feet; which the doors for exit may be thrown open automatically. The Murray Opera House will be one of the finest west of New York. It will be opened Oct. 25, in connection with the opening of the Hennepin Avenue Opera House in Minneapolis. The same service mentioned in the Hennepin Avenue Theatre will be given in this house.

The population of St. Paul has now reached 150,000 and Minneapolis turns the post at 175,000. The population of both cities is continually increasing, and the latter State Commerce bill has not, nor will, affect business in the Northwest.

All communications should be addressed to the General Manager, J. E. SACKETT, Room 12, 95 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Is located on Eighth street, between Minnesota and Robert streets. It is just one square from the Hotel Ryan; street cars intersect near the Opera House and it is most centrally located. The location is unsurpassed.

The Opera House will have a frontage of one hundred feet; will be six stories in height and its architectural exterior will be a fac simile of an East Indian temple. It will be built of red pressed brick. The entrance will be thirty feet wide and will lead into an open court or art gallery. This gallery will open into the foyer. From the gallery, on one side, a broad stairway will lead to a gentlemen's smoking room, and on the other to a ladies' music room. The house will seat 2,500 people. The design is to be Oriental, or to speak more precisely, East Indian. A feature of the construction will be that the proscenium arch will be made of iron relief work, fitted in with cathedral glass. It will be illuminated with incandescent lights, but none of them will be in sight. The lights will shine through stained glass. The proscenium boxes will be miniature Moorish temples. In addition to these boxes there will be a number of Parian boxes, which open from the foyer. In all there will be about 300 box seats. The stage will be forty-one feet deep from the curtains line, fifty feet between the fly gallery and seventy-two feet from the stage to the rigging loft. The drop-curtains will be built on the best approved scientific principles. There will be two galleries. An arrangement will be made by which the doors for exit may be thrown open automatically. The Murray Opera House will be one of the finest west of New York. It will be opened Oct. 25, in connection with the opening of the Hennepin Avenue Opera House in Minneapolis. The same service mentioned in the Hennepin Avenue Theatre will be given in this house.

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Important to Managers and Agents OF THEATRICAL COMPANIES.

CHICAGO, June, '87.

The JEFFERY PRINTING COMPANY, of Chicago, well-known as carrying the largest assortment of Circus Pictorials and Dramatic and Variety Stock Cuts to be found anywhere, have pleasure in announcing that their Mr. GEORGE W. LOGAN is at present at the Carleton House, New York, and will be for the next month, for the purpose of closing contracts for the ensuing season.

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